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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

TWO questions arise immediately from the events of the last week. First, what effect will the resignation of Mr. Eden have on British foreign policy? The second question is closely related to the first. What are the chances of Mr. Eden's resignation leading to an early election? Already his resignation has caused a split in the French Government. If the pro-Fascist Ministers win in France as well as in England the prospects are a Four-Power Pact, the final betrayal of democracy in Spain and in Central Europe, and the preparation for a combined capitalist war on the U.S.S.R. But the agitation caused by Mr. Eden's resignation may be enough to prevent the success of such a deal. Mr. Chamberlain is now on his mettle; to throw over his Foreign Secretary and then fail to bring off a bargain with Italy will make him look foolish, while he dare not in the circumstances conclude a bargain in which the Fascist Powers take everything and give nothing. There is a danger, therefore, that the upshot will be a further period of drift, like that which followed the Laval-Hoare incident, which the present crisis so much resembles. The opposition may prevent a disgraceful pact with Italy without being able to save the victim of aggression or build up a real resistance to Fascism in the future. This result will only be avoided if the forces against Mr. Chamberlain are strong enough to compel an election. The Labour Party and T.U.C. have rightly issued a manifesto demanding the resignation of a Government which has avowedly entered upon a foreign policy which contradicts its election pledges. Mr. Chamberlain himself seems to have expected an election—in any case we hear that many Conservative M.P.s, who would like to have supported Mr. Eden, were induced to record a purely party vote under the threat that the alternative was an immediate appeal to the electorate. There is ample evidence of widespread and non-party support for Mr. Eden in the country. Whether the moment is used or not depends very much on Mr. Eden himself.

Reactions Abroad

The reorientation of British foreign policy seemingly implied by Mr. Eden's resignation has had reactions abroad which make dismal reading for those who share Mr. Churchill's legitimate apprehensions lest Britain should ultimately be left friendless in face of her enemies. In Europe, as was to be expected, discreet jubilation in the totalitarian press is matched with dismay in Paris and Prague, bewilderment and nervousness in the Scandinavian countries and even in "neutral" Switzerland. More

serious from the British standpoint is the antagonism aroused by Mr. Chamberlain in the Dominions. The Canadian press in particular is almost unanimous in declaring that Mr. Eden was thrown to the wolves, and that the policy of appeasement by surrender to threats will prove a fatal mistake. There are indications that opinion in Canada will look increasingly to Washington as the focal point of policy in foreign affairs. As for the United States, Mr. Chamberlain has strengthened immeasurably the forces making for isolationism. The *New York Times*, it is true, writes that Britain may only be conducting a strategic retreat; and the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, supported by Mr. Walter Lippmann, reminds its readers that the America which first abandoned the "high moral ground" of President Wilson has no right to reproach Britain for sacrificing principles to conceptions of material interest. But these are lonely voices; the chorus chants: "Write Britain off; no entanglements abroad, but a bigger, better Navy at home." President Roosevelt is known to be chagrined; and it is said that he may feel less inclined to fight opposition from vested interests against the proposed Anglo-American tariff pact.

Herr Hitler's Speech

The Cabinet crisis has tended to divert attention from the importance of Herr Hitler's Reichstag speech—the harshest and least compromising declaration of foreign policy to which the Führer has yet committed himself. Those who had expected him to deal at length with the Army purge and the Berchtesgaden *coup* were disappointed. There was no problem, he declared, between Army and State: in the Third Reich every person holding a responsible position was a National Socialist, and in the event of any threat to the peace of the Reich, Party and Army would be "fanatically inspired with one spirit and one will." As for Austria, thanks to Dr. Schuschnigg, she had rightly elected for self-determination in the Nazi direction and thereby contributed to the peace of Europe. These portions of the speech—intended primarily, it may be presumed, for home consumption—were fortified by a solid hour of bombastic rehearsal of the greatness and material prosperity achieved by Germany, the keynote carried to a pitch of megalomania being *l'état, c'est moi*. "Whoever disturbs my mission is an enemy of the people." Foreign critics of the regime were vilified as inciters to war. The general effect was clearly intended to be the creation of heat without light.

German Aims Abroad

Much more significant were some of the words addressed by Herr Hitler to a wider audience than the German public. Germany, he said, had no claims against France since the return of the Saar, but claimed the right to protect the millions of Germans outside the Reich's present frontiers and therefore "unable to secure their general human, political freedom by their own efforts." This hint that "self-determination in a National Socialist direction" might have to be fostered in Prague as well as in Vienna was followed by the declaration that Germany will recognise Manchukuo, desires fuller co-operation with Japan and Italy in the campaign against Bolshevism now being waged on the soil of China and Spain, and finally repudiates the authority of any "international institution like the League." As for Britain, the claim for colonial possessions would be pressed by Germany with more and more vigour. No offer of credits would be accepted as a substitute, and suggestions of a colonial settlement on "open door" lines would be dismissed by Germany as "sheer mockery." Germany's "natural claims could not be coupled with political bargains." Poor sustenance this for optimists who believe in the possibility of European appeasement by mutual concessions; and, since the Führer was speaking as the senior partner in the Berlin-Rome axis, his aggressive speech hardly encourages hopes that Mr. Chamberlain will get anything substantial out of Mussolini.

Gradualism in Austria

The news from Vienna suggests that, however important in Germany's eyes may be the ultimate control of Austrian supplies of iron ore and timber, the *mot d'ordre* in the Nazification of Austria is to be gradual permeation: the hand that holds the whip will wear kid gloves. Tutored with instructions from Herr Himmler, the new Minister of the Interior, Dr. Seyss-Inquart, broadcast a warning against Nazi indiscipline. There must be no illegal activity: the path of legal activity was now open for National Socialists to enter the Austrian State and build a relationship between Austria and Germany corresponding to the *Gesamtinteresse* of the "entire German people." In other words, the inclusion of Austria in the Third Reich—doubtless with some sort of provincial autonomy—is the eventual aim; but it must be accomplished with as little violence as possible. The motives behind this gradualist policy are obvious. Italian opinion must not be needlessly alarmed; Austrian Catholics must not be encouraged to make common cause with Socialists against the Nazis; British attention must not be attracted at present to Vienna by Jew-baiting and kindred Nazi thuggery; above all, Czechoslovakia must not prematurely be roused into more active defence of her own integrity, least of all induced to fortify her open Austrian frontier.

Teruel Retaken

The position of the Government forces in Teruel became untenable last week-end, when the rebels after sanguinary fighting stormed the Mansueto Heights lying to the east of the town and commanding the Sagunto road. General Sarabia had no option but to endeavour to extricate the troops holding Teruel before they were surrounded. This operation was effected on Monday night with only a moderate loss apparently of prisoners and material; on Tuesday morning the insurgents entered the shattered ruins of the town; the 70 days' battle had ended with the loss by the Government of all the ground gained in the early phase of the operations. Though the result is bound to be a disappointment to the defenders of the Republic, General Miaja is still entitled to claim that his offensive in Lower Aragon has been of considerable strategic value. He dislocated General Franco's plans for an attack on the Madrid front, forced him to fight on a terrain selected by his opponents, and caused him enormous casualties as the price of his obstinate determination to undo his initial defeat. The retaking of Teruel, however, is significant from another point of view. Though Italian troops do not appear to have played any substantial part in the operations, Franco's immense concentration

of guns, tanks and aircraft—to which his final success was entirely due—points to his receipt recently of large reinforcements of material from Germany and Italy. Herr Hitler's declaration last Sunday that, if the Spanish Government suppressed Franco's rebellion there would be a " disturbance of the European equilibrium from which Germany would not be disinterested " is a plain indication of intention to continue these reinforcements.

More Decontrol and Its Consequences

The Government has not dared at present to accept in full the report of the Ridley Committee on the control of rents. It does propose, in accordance with the Committee's recommendation, to proceed at once to the decontrol of about 400,000 further houses in England and Wales, and 50,000 in Scotland—mainly of types at present inhabited by " black-coated " or lower-middle-class tenants. But it has shrunk from endorsing the Committee's further plan for enabling the Minister of Health to extend decontrol to all houses in any locality as fast as the technical condition of " overcrowding " can be prevented. Accepting the notion of " progressive decontrol," it proposes to set up another committee to consider how best this can be brought about—in England and Wales only; for the Scottish housing situation is admitted to be bad enough to demand an indefinite continuance of control. Yet another committee is to be set up to examine the law of landlord and tenant, especially in connection with the procedure for levying distress. These proposals, though they do not go quite so far as those of the Ridley Committee, are, we fancy, likely to cause a considerable storm. The Government professes to believe that decontrol on this scale will not appreciably raise rents; but we are unable to discover any foundation for this view—at all events in the minimum area in which there is some pressure on accommodation of what is known as the " B " type. The tenants likely to be affected are indeed for the most part unorganised, and belong to a curiously inarticulate section of the public. But they are just the people who, when they are occasionally roused to resentment, turn doubtful elections.

The Neglected Areas

At the end of January the Commissioner for the Special Areas in England and Wales had committed himself, as a result of three years' work, to a total expenditure of rather less than £14 millions—involving, with money contributed from other sources, rather over £19 millions, apart from new private capital brought into the Areas. Of the £14 millions, the largest sum, £5 millions, is for subsidies to local public health schemes—hospitals, improved sanitary arrangements, and so on—roughly £4 millions for grants to assist industry, rather over £2 millions for land settlement, and the rest miscellaneous. As the fruit of three years' activity, and as including an unspecified, but large, amount promised but not yet spent, this total is remarkably unimpressive. On the credit side, it should be said that the new Trading Estates in South Wales and the North-East may yet prove important as pioneering experiments in planning the location of secondary industries. But it is plain that a large fraction of the expenditure must be regarded as " rescue work " rather than a contribution to economic redevelopment, and that nothing at all has been attempted on more than a tiny scale. It remains as true as ever that the Commissioner's powers are quite inadequate to enable him to make any major contribution to industrial replanning; and though for the moment rearmament activity has pushed this need somewhat into the background in some of the distressed areas, it is very likely before long again to become acute. Effective planning, as everyone knows, requires long preparation; but the Commissioner is wholly without the power to prepare any real plans for meeting a possible recrudescence of extreme distress.

A New Province for Wage Regulations

Although the majority of workers in the distributive trades outside the Co-operative movement are still unorganised, Trade Unionism has made substantial progress in this field during the past few years, and several important wage agreements have been negotiated. The employers' associations, however, even when they have accepted collective bargaining, have made it plain that they cannot pledge themselves to maintain good conditions unless these can be enforced by statute on their competitors. The Trade Unions, for their part, have long favoured statutory regulation, and have been pressing for the application of the Trade Boards Act to the distributive trades (it was actually applied to grocery after the war, but the machinery broke down). The employers, however, on account of the extensive overlapping between different trades, would prefer a single wage-fixing authority for the entire industry; and the Unions also favour this, without prejudice to their demand for Trade Boards if the wider scheme, which requires special legislation, is not carried through. This week the representatives of the two sides have signed a unanimous report calling on the Minister of Labour to set up what will be in effect a single Trades Board, with numerous trade sections, for all the distributive employees. Such a body would cover over two million workers, and would mean a very big extension of collective bargaining and Trade Union influence. It is badly needed; there are scandalous inequalities in both wages and hours in the distributive trades, and in face of the multiplicity of small shops, collective bargaining cannot deal with the problem effectively without statutory sanction.

Salute to Adventure

In a world demented by dictators and eyeing fearfully the looming chances of war, it is agreeable to record one instance at least of human endeavour not devoted to the destruction of liberty and the present or ultimate shedding of blood. Mr. Papanin and his companions, who have now safely ended their nine months' vigil on the dwindling ice-floe which drifted with them 1,500 miles across the sea between the Pole and Greenland, have a great Arctic adventure to their credit. Their radio station has made a substantial contribution to the science of meteorology. Whether or not their observations will ultimately enable the U.S.S.R. to win its bold campaign against the Arctic, and make the polar region safe for a " short-cut " civil aviation route between Moscow and New York, they staked their lives on the best of adventures—the advancement of human knowledge.

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MR. EDEN'S RESIGNATION

MR. EDEN'S resignation has placed him even higher than he stood before in the respect of his countrymen. Overweighted by the numbers of his senior colleagues and handicapped by his modesty and his youth, he had failed to impress his own outlook on the Cabinet of which he was a member. He inherited the results of Sir Samuel Hoare's betrayal of the League, and after the Halifax mission had to carry the load of an initiative that was none of his. It is clear that though the break came on a single vital point, a wide difference of approach to the major issues of European policy had long separated him from the Prime Minister and the dominant section of the Cabinet. What their attitude to the Fascist Powers may be we can perhaps divine from the newspapers which set the Halifax overture in motion, but there is much that is still obscure in this dim chapter of contemporary history. The facts of the approach to Italy are, on the other hand, fairly clear and ripe for a general verdict.

The earlier idea that Italy could be bribed to abandon the Rome-Berlin axis had been abandoned. This Lord Halifax said plainly in the Lords last week. Hitler, indeed, had just dismissed his leading generals largely because they distrusted the Italian connection; Mussolini had refused to join in any protest, however perfunctory, against the absorption of Austria by the Third Reich. The inference generally drawn is that he had bartered his consent to German leadership in Central Europe against Hitler's support for his own designs in the Mediterranean. This conclusion is supported by the unyielding tone of the Führer's references to Spain in his Reichstag speech, and by the fact that large supplies of German arms, notably 'planes, have lately reached General Franco. In these conditions, any approach to Rome was made on the assumption that the axis, with all its menace to the liberties alike of Spaniards, Austrians and Czechs, is a central and lasting factor in the European balance of power.

That the Prime Minister himself proceeded on this assumption is clear from his speech in the House on Monday. What he contemplates is some sort of permanent association linking the two Western democracies with the two Dictators. No reasonable man objects to business-like negotiations with the Fascist Powers, designed to relax the tension in Europe and to promote disarmament, merely because these Powers are opposed to our political ideas. The question, as we should pose it, is rather this: Is it proper to go into partnership with two Powers which have reaffirmed their united will to achieve ends that we are pledged to resist?

Mr. Eden must have asked himself this question. He answered it by taking Spain as the test. He would enter into no conversations aiming at reconciliation so long as Italy persisted in her flagrant campaign of armed intervention. Mr. Chamberlain, with a simplicity so gross that it can only mean indifference, was willing to accept yet another verbal assurance of Italy's readiness to withdraw her troops. Mr. Eden insisted that the actual withdrawal must precede the conversations. Need we recall the Italian record? It was in December, 1936, that the Duce himself volunteered an offer to withdraw. There followed the Gentleman's Agreement, violated within a few hours, if not in the letter assuredly in the spirit, by the despatch of several divisions of regular troops. Everyone recollects the persistent denials that there were any Italian troops in Spain. Then came Mussolini's boasts of their victories under his thirteen generals. Finally, he assured us "on his honour" that he had only 40,000 men, at a time when there is every reason to believe that the total ran to twice that number. Throughout the past eighteen months his ambassador has sat on a committee pledged to non-intervention, while his troops, his bombing 'planes and his submarines have waged open war on Spain. If after this record Mr. Chamberlain is content with a verbal promise, there is only one conclusion to be drawn. He does not gravely object to Italy's purposes in Spain, though he may feel some anxiety about their strategical implications for the British Empire.

On this simple but momentous issue of good faith and commonsense Mr. Eden rightly tendered his resignation. Much more was involved in Mr. Chamberlain's acceptance of it. He knew that Rome and Berlin regarded Mr. Eden as the one formidable opponent in this country to their designs of expansion in Europe. He must have read the plain demand for Mr. Eden's dismissal that appeared in the official Italian press, during the critical week, over the signature of the Secretary of the Fascist Party. There seems to us no reason to blame Mr. Chamberlain for Count Grandi's failure to inform the Foreign Office on Sunday morning of Italy's acceptance of the British formula for withdrawal. But this shrewd "business" Premier must have asked himself why the Count postponed this communication. It would not have induced Mr. Eden to withdraw his resignation, but the Ambassador may have supposed that, combined with the pressure customary on such occasions, it might have had some effect. On the early afternoon of this Sunday some official presumably listened to the Führer's broadcast and reported to Mr. Chamberlain the arrogant taunts of the orator against his colleague. If, knowing all this, he allowed Mr. Eden to resign, he tacitly accepted the adverse verdict not of British but of Fascist opinion upon his Minister.

In some form, it seems, Rome had intimated that the conversations must begin "now or never." They have begun while Italy still maintains in the deserts of Libya an army whose bargaining use is its threat to the security of Egypt. To negotiate under this threat, without concrete guarantees, with an adversary of notorious ill-faith, was certainly, as Lord Cranborne put it, to succumb to "blackmail." Yet it is notorious that the Government which has won this signal victory is itself tottering under the weight of its financial burdens. To the clumsy weakness of his own performance Mr. Chamberlain gave the name of "magnanimity." Our own suspicion is that the Tory Right Wing, well aware of the Duce's difficulties, is prepared to succour him, lest a government of the Left should take his place. If that be its motive, there could be no graver treachery to the cause of peace.

The danger that now confronts this country and Europe ranges far beyond the Mediterranean. There can be, on our reading of the relationship of the two dictators, no final settlement with one alone. The British Government that begins by making concessions to one of them in the

Mediterranean will end by a tacit consent to the other's hegemony over Central Europe. On no other terms will this " axis " cease its hostile advance. The immediate field on which its intentions must be tested is Spain. There Mr. Eden showed a sound strategic instinct. Our ability to make our weight felt in Spain is incomparably greater than in Central Europe or China. Here none of the tangled problems of conscience confront us that Versailles left as its legacy. To our thinking the whole conception of the compromise now under discussion calls for resolute opposition. The effect of any withdrawal of volunteers by percentages is only too obvious. The Italian infantry, no better now than the trained Republican levies, may be withdrawn. But the invaluable technicians, both German and Italian, the gun and tank crews and the airmen, will of course remain. Franco, fortified by formal recognition, will then be in a position to reduce the Republic by a hunger-blockade. On this issue, we urge the Opposition to concentrate, using every device of mass demonstration to rouse the electorate. When we say that the stake is the survival of European democracy, we are stating a simple fact of geography. Surrounded on three sides by Fascist Powers the liberal French democracy could not hold its own. Sooner or later, its Right would bring it also in the Fascist camp. As for our own country, it is no longer an island.

Mr. Eden has attained something already by his brave act; the rest depends on the parties of the Centre and the Left. Even Mr. Chamberlain will now have to be rather more critical and vigilant in these perilous negotiations than he would have been before this crisis had aroused the average elector. But this issue is wider and will last longer than any attempt to conclude with the Roman Empire another gentleman's agreement. There is a chance, if we know how to take it, to reverse the policy of acquiescing in law-breaking aggression which Britain has followed since we first jettisoned the Covenant in the case of Manchuria. Mr. Chamberlain may be correct in diagnosing the impotence of the League: he forgets the share of previous National ministries in wrecking it. But if it is helpless, the case is stronger for building a substitute that can protect both great Powers and small.

We see no hopeful expedient save the conclusion of a firm association, with London, Paris and Moscow as its pillars, into which might enter such small States as possess an outlook that makes for close international co-operation. This association need not correspond in its conceptions to the Triple Entente, which represented one side of the pre-war Balance of Power. Its primary purpose would not be military, nor the rigid preservation of the *status quo* in the matter of colonial possessions, but the maintenance of the rule of law in international affairs and, immediately, the preservation of Spain from being overwhelmed by the dictatorships' invasion. To secure the adoption of such a policy requires the united efforts of all the political groups that are ready to stand against the Fascist menace. To attempt to exploit this crisis in the interests of party would be a pettiness that would defeat itself. The hour and his own sincerity have made Mr. Eden the figure round which such an enterprise must rally. The best hope for peace and democracy is that Socialists and Liberals should unite to defend the principles on which he took his stand.

THE FOURTH PARTNER

AND France—where does France come in? Mr. Chamberlain said on Monday that he loved France as much as Mr. Eden did,—only the French do not quite believe it. They think he loves them as one loves a fourth partner at a friendly bridge party; and if it comes to the worst, one can always play bridge *à trois* if the fourth does not turn up. The big Flandin, who invented the phrase " the sordid materialism of the working class," would no doubt love to join in the game; but M. Flandin is not France—at least not yet. I have a strong suspicion that when, ten days ago, he made his celebrated speech, his *cagoulard* friends in England (how the French love that joke!) had told him which way the British wind was blowing. His main point, it will be remembered, was that if France was in financial difficulties, it was because the Communists were forcing heavy rearmament upon her; but for these dreadful Communists Mussolini and Hitler would be France's dearest friends. A bit unfair, one must say, to poor Delbos, who consistently ignored the Communist criticisms of his wretched Spanish policy, and would not allow them any say in matters of foreign policy generally. But M. Flandin's remark was deeper, perhaps, than most people thought at first. Was he not feeling that his dear friend Paul Reynaud, his great competitor for the leadership of the Centre, was beginning to come round to the view that Blum's scheme for a " National Government around the Front Populaire, stretching from Reynaud to Thorez "—and with Herriot rather than Blum as Premier—had much to commend it, and that such a National Government alone could restore France's authority in Europe?

Naturally, it would not have pleased Hitler and Mussolini; nor, for that matter, their would-be friends in England. Yet such a Government—whose policy was already foreshadowed in Herriot's vigorous speech at Lille last November—would have been an admirable Government for co-operating with Mr. Eden; and one may well wonder whether M. Flandin's campaign against such a French Government (the formation of which would have strengthened Mr. Eden's hand in England, despite the inevitable outcry in certain papers about " the Reds ruling France "—which would have been a lie, anyway) coming together, as it did, with the Italo-German campaign culminating in the resignation of Mr. Eden, was only a coincidence. It seems, on the contrary, a particularly clever bit of synchronised Fascist wire-pulling. In France M. Flandin counts for nothing, except as the reflection of a reactionary bourgeois mentality; but still, Hitler must have found it surprisingly pleasant to grab Austria with the blessings of a [illegible] ex-Prime Minister. Flandin, as already said, counts for nothing; but he no doubt hopes, now that Mr. Eden is gone, that he may begin to count. Who, in France, is overjoyed by Mr. Eden's fall? Naturally, M. Flandin, and the Fascists and the Cagoulards, and the *Action Française*, which wrote: " England has seen the light at last, and has sent Eden back to his crazy old spinsters and to Lord Cecil's clergymen." Just like that. The fact that the " crazy old spinsters and Lord Cecil's clergymen " are the best friends of France is immaterial so long as they are also the worst enemies of Fascism. It is another reflection of that French bourgeois mentality which consists in saying " Give us Hitler rather than the Front Populaire." Only I have a suspicion that even the most assiduous readers of *Gringoire* and the *Action Française* cannot feel quite easy in their minds; for France is to-day in the tightest hole she has ever been in.

A very prominent Radical leader whom I saw on Sunday afternoon, just after Hitler's speech, said to me: " France and England cannot afford to make one more mistake." And a few hours later Mr. Eden resigned—the most stupendous " mistake " one could imagine. France will, obviously, feel obliged to " co-operate " with England; though the French Left at the same time realise that it is equally important for England to " co-operate " with France, even though Mr.

Chamberlain and Lord Halifax may not, at the moment, be fully aware of it.

What, in the French view, will the Chamberlain-Halifax policy amount to? There are really two policies. They will try, in the first place, to detach Rome from Berlin. It was tried before, but it never succeeded, because (so the Italians suggest) Mr. Eden was in the way. The Italians will be clever enough to give the British Government little satisfactions which it may demonstrate to the British public in justification of its policy and of Mr. Eden's dismissal. A temporary suspension of the Bari broadcasts, or perhaps a temporary interruption in the despatch of Italian soldiers to Spain. Franco would, in the meantime, be granted belligerent rights, and the new gentleman's agreement would be hailed as a great success. Only—and there is the catch—Hitler said that he would not tolerate a "Bolshevist" Government in Spain; and what if the Germans do the dirty work in Spain while their Italian pals take a rest and observe "loyally" their agreement with England? Italy will plead not guilty. And a fat lot of difference it will make to France and her Mediterranean communications and her Pyrenees frontier whether Spain is conquered predominantly with German arms or Italian arms! So much for Spain. And then there is Central Europe. Delbos and Chautemps treated the Berchtesgaden ultimatum with miserable weakness at first. Delbos merely shrugged his shoulders at a gathering of startled French journalists; it was not until the French public reacted sharply, and even de Kerillis asked whether "France was to become a little Portugal at the tail-end of a Prussian continent," and a hundred Conservative M.P.s declared themselves ready to back a firmer "Eden" policy—not until then that Delbos woke up. England was asked to join in a declaration that she and France would not tolerate any more "accomplished facts" in Central Europe, and any further encroachments on Austrian sovereignty. Mr. Eden looked at the proposal favourably; but two days later he was out of office, and no reply to M. Corbin's démarche has yet come. If it comes, it will not be helpful.

The French, as I say, think that Mr. Neville Chamberlain has an alternative policy. If he fails to detach Rome from Berlin (and that he will fail in that they do not doubt for a moment), he will have his bridge table to fall back on. In his speech on Monday he already lumped together Britain, France, Germany and Italy. The Four-Power Pact—God bless it! One spade, two hearts, one Poland, two Balearics, six down. A merry game!

"It is most desirable," says Pertinax, "that Mr. Chamberlain should erase from his vocabulary the phrase 'four-power talks,' which points to his lack of diplomatic experience." Everybody in France—except Flandin and his friends—feels that way. The Four-Power Pact will always mean six down for France and England.

There is just one glimmer of hope: and that is that Mr. Chamberlain, who (unlike Mr. Eden, who saw plenty of them at Geneva and elsewhere) has not had any direct experience of the Fascist dictators, and does not yet fully understand their mentality, will realise before very long what sort of chaps they are; and that he will not persist indefinitely in his belief that one can come to decent terms with them. If he realises the failure of his experiment and frankly admits that, although the experiment should have been tried, it *has* failed, and that a different policy is necessary—if he does that, the damage done by Mr. Eden's fall may not be irreparable. Such an admission of failure requires personal courage; and will Mr. Chamberlain make this admission before it is too late? If so, the "cagoulards" will have to retreat into silence, Eden—or Eden's policy—will return, and the sympathy and eventual support of America may yet be saved. Or will the Government, on the contrary, persist in its policy and produce promises and illusory German and Italian "gestures" as evidence of its success? As for France, will she be bullied into joining the bridge table—through the refusal (among other things) of a rearmament loan in London? I do not know about M. Chautemps and M. Delbos; but if it came to the point, they would be swept aside; and there are men like Herriot and Paul Reynaud and some others who would not stand for it. There is more than one "policy of despair"; why choose this? ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, February 22nd.

A LONDON DIARY

LIKE Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Chamberlain, I am sure, is honestly persuaded that the best way to keep peace is to buy off Italy, and I suspect that he has been much influenced by intense dislike of what he regards as the idealistic nonsense about the League of Nations talked on the Opposition benches. After what he and his friends have done to the League in the last six years, I agree that much idealism that was still realistic in 1934 has been rendered nonsense in 1938. It is this record of betrayal of the League that makes Mr. Chamberlain's remarks about peace and realism so unconvincing. Behind the political struggle with Mr. Eden I catch glimpses of a personal and social antagonism—an antagonism between the Birmingham business man, who prides himself on being hard-headed and up to any deal even with a double-crossing Italian dictator, and Mr. Eden, the finished product of an English public school and university education, who naturally explained that he did not like signing "gentleman's agreements" with a man who had long ago proved that he was no gentleman. But on this occasion the "gentlemanly view" was also the view of principle—and principle still counts with the British public. At last, I hear people say, here is a man who says that politics is not all barter and expediency; a man who is prepared to resign rather than go back on his word.

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On the personal side my grouse against Mr. Chamberlain is the pretence in his published letter accepting the late Foreign Secretary's resignation, that no issue of principle was involved, that it was all just a matter of date and procedure. This pretence was blown out of the window by Mr. Eden and Lord Cranborne in the debate and the whispering campaign suggesting that Mr. Eden was a little "nervy, and overtired" ("he's not really strong, my dear, you remember how upset his heart was after that visit to Moscow and Prague") and that it's all a storm in a tea-cup—all that kind of talk cuts, I think, very little ice. The issue at bottom is whether England stands for anything at all in the world, except just hanging on to everything we've pinched in the past, whether, for instance, if we lose a Foreign Secretary to-day because Mussolini does not like him, and "magnanimously" agree to give Franco belligerent rights to-morrow because Mussolini tells us, we shall go on next day to allow pressure on France to join in the blockade of the Spanish Government and perhaps ourselves a year or two hence stop British newspapers criticising Germany or Italy because the Führer and the Duce don't like it. The issue, ultimately, and not very far off, is whether Britain is pro- or anti-Fascist at home as well as in foreign policy.

* * *

In the House of Commons debate the most effective attack came from Mr. Churchill. He commands the grand manner for such occasions and clearly troubled a good many Tory hearts. Mr. Lloyd George made a bad mistake. Personal attacks are always boomerangs in the House of Commons unless they are so well aimed as to be completely deadly. Mr. Lloyd George had got hold of a good point in tracing the story of the intimation to the Cabinet that Italy would accept the British proposals about withdrawal from Spain, but he rallied Conservative support for Mr. Chamberlain by the suggestion that the Prime Minister had behaved "disgracefully." The net result of this exciting passage in the debate was to suggest that Count Grandi had been very smart, and that perhaps some members of the Cabinet had not been very careful to play every card to stop Mr. Eden resigning. Some day we may have the whole story. It is no good Mr. Chamberlain shaking his head and pretending that there

was no external pressure when a person as correct as Mr. Eden resigns because he objects to negotiations based on a threat of "now or never," and when so good a member of the Cecil family as Lord Cranborne talks to the House of Commons about his objection to "blackmail." There must have been some threat. There is one other intriguing mystery which we shall know about some day—the part played in all this by Lady (Austen) Chamberlain. I believe we shall find that it was an important part. The Duce has taken great pains to make friends with Lady Chamberlain and she is a natural unofficial ambassador. I heard on excellent authority last summer, when Mr. Chamberlain wrote his letter to Mussolini, that he was confident that he could himself settle up everything with the Duce. In that confidence I suspect the personal touch of Lady Chamberlain.

* * *

All accounts of the bargain which Britain is supposed to be concluding with Italy include a loan to Mussolini. Mr. Chamberlain declared that he was not yielding to any blackmail, but that his one object was to avoid war. Now, if, as some people believe, Mr. Chamberlain sacrificed Mr. Eden because he thought Mussolini was about to make war on us if he did not get what he wanted, I can only say I feel sure he was bluffed. If the Duce wanted a loan, it was not because he was strong enough to fight, but because his position was intolerably bad. Recently reports have all gone to show that he cannot much longer sustain the cost of a quarter of a million men or more in Abyssinia, 80,000 men in Libya and 50,000 men in Spain. In the circumstances who would lend him the money? Private banks are tougher than Premiers and would not regard the Duce's promise as adequate security. A publicly floated loan would certainly be a flop. There would be a clamour if the Government offered to advance Mussolini taxpayers' money. No doubt the most convenient method would be to extend credits to Italy under the Export Credit Department of the Board of Trade; the credit would be spent on coal and other British commodities. In this way the Duce would have some extra millions to spend on armaments and military equipment. But, people say at this point in the argument, why in the name of sanity should Britain help to equip Mussolini? The answer is that people are deceived in thinking that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are fundamentally opposed to Mussolini. The Duce knows that, just as he knew it throughout the shadow-fighting over sanctions in Abyssinia. Then and now one has only to discuss the Italian position with members of the ruling class of this country to find that they are terrified of upsetting a Fascist dictator. They want Franco to win, they do not want to release the democratic and socialist forces in Italy, but they also want to be the people responsible for bolstering up Mussolini and Franco. They are still under the delusion, born of nineteenth-century experience, that debtors do what the creditors tell them. In the House of Commons debate the person who seemed most clearly to understand this part of the business was Mr. Lloyd George, who made a telling point when he asked whether Mr. Chamberlain would have acted and talked in the same way about peace and the inexpediency of asking for guarantees, if the aggressor power had been not Italy, but Soviet Russia.

* * *

Publication was never more happily timed than for the two new Penguin books that appear this week. They are an interesting venture—not reprints, but new topical books at sixpence a piece. *Mussolini's Roman Empire* is by G. T. Garratt, an old contributor to the *Nation*, who wrote from Abyssinia for the *Manchester Guardian* and for this journal, and who spent most of last year in Spain, helping with the evacuation of civilians from Madrid, and who has since been mainly engaged in arranging for the hospitality here, and repatriation when possible, of the Basque children. It is this practical experience of Italy's ambitions in Abyssinia and Spain that makes G. T. Garratt's book so important. The vital point that he makes and illustrates from first-hand knowledge is that whatever the intentions and motives of the British Government, the actual results of its policy in both cases have been to deny the victim of aggression the normal exports that would have helped it to resist; in fact, we have given active assistance to the aggressor. The second new Penguin is no less on the spot. If the title had been chosen this week it could not have been more appropriate. *Blackmail or War* is by Madame Tabouis, whose despatches in *L'Oeuvre* are quoted all over the world, partly because they are apt to be sensational, but even more because they are known to have behind them a really intimate contact with the "personalities" of French and League politics. It is this "inside knowledge" that will sell *Blackmail or War*. The great advantages of inside knowledge are that everyone wants it and that everyone has forgotten it by the time it becomes possible to prove whether or not it was true. But on the time test Madame Tabouis wins very high marks for inside information.

* * *

The rivalry for circulation, particularly circulation among women, between the two daily picture papers grows increasingly interesting. The *Mirror*, first unsuccessfully started by Northcliffe to catch the "vacant female population" and then turned into a success by being made to appeal almost equally to the vacant male population, has recently made a great and successful bid for increased circulation by "tabloid" methods, including a quite extravagant display of legs, especially Hollywood legs. The *Daily Sketch* counters with an appeal, I think a quite serious appeal, for some restraint and decency. It advertises that it prints all the news that is "fit to print." The treatment of the Eden crisis in the two rivals is interesting. The *Sketch* headline was "Chamberlain Triumphs." But its account was a balanced affair and emphasised the "sympathy" felt for Eden. The *Mirror*, on the other hand, ran a splash headline "Women Revolt for Eden," and went on to describe their ejection from the House of Commons where they wanted to demonstrate against the Premier and to back Mr. Eden throughout the country. Editorially the *Daily Mirror* does sometimes come out on the side of righteousness. It retains an old-fashioned leader writer with principles. To-day it is actually the only Conservative paper in London not nobbled on Chamberlain's behalf. One would think that its attitude must be highly distasteful to Lord Rothermere. But I think one reason for the *Mirror's* headlines is the belief in the office that Mr. Eden is an idol among the "female population," vacant or otherwise.

* * *

It is characteristic of the struggle of ideas going on in this country that just as an official Committee is about to report (or so I gather) that there is really nothing at all to be said for retaining corporal punishment as part of a judicial sentence, the Lord Chief Justice passes sentences of 20 and 15 lashes with the "cat," and magistrates talk of wanting to give young delinquents "a little whipping"—on the public school model—to begin with. About the Mayfair sentence I want to say two things in answer to a number of letters sent me. If the cat is any good at all, these are the sort of men on whom it may fairly be used. But 20 strokes—which means, with an instrument with nine tails, the infliction of 180 deep wounds—is torture as indelible as branding. Secondly, the question of cruelty is not the main issue; corporal punishment is to be condemned, not on any ground of sentiment, but on the ground that it makes reclamation of the criminal impossible and does not, in fact, deter criminals. The coming report, I hear, is in favour of retaining the cat only as a punishment for violent prisoners who attack warders in gaol. I had a very illuminating talk the other day with an experienced prison official who had seen the cat and birch inflicted on many occasions and who agreed that its effect on the warders and on the prison as a whole is deplorable. He said that there was some case for keeping corporal punishment as a deterrent against violence to warders, but that was because it was difficult in our present prison system otherwise to find

any punishment sufficiently bad to frighten the tough prisoner. He agreed that if we abolished the prison system and substituted a vigorous and hard-working camp life for the iron and stone prison, we could also abolish the cat because the threat of prison would be a sufficiently deterring punishment.

* * *

A remarkable resolution has just been adopted by the governing body of the University of Minnesota. It regrets and rescinds a resolution of September 1917, which summarily sacked Professor W. A. Schaper from the University on the ground that he was "pro-German," reinstates him as Professor "emeritus" and votes him $5,000 in reparation for the loss of salary which the University owes him for the year 1917-18. By itself this might not mean much—just that the University had belatedly got over being anti-German or that it wanted to make amends for an individual injustice. But the resolution does more than that. It lays down permanent principles of academic freedom, declaring that the teacher must have freedom in the classroom, and, outside, the same rights as other citizens provided that he does not implicate the University when he explains his opinions; that he should only be dismissed before his contract expires after full and open hearing of the governing body—in contrast with the actual procedure of 1917 when the Professor was arbitrarily dismissed because a State Commission of public safety suggested it. One would like to believe that Minnesota and other universities will stand firm for these principles when next a "national emergency" occurs; in any case it is well to chalk it when a public body so far flouts current usage as to stand up squarely for decency and freedom.

* * *

Late news of the Dictators' race
New spheres of influence to win—
The Führer takes the second place;
He only got Seyss-Inquart in! CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. R. Gardner.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

I know no other definition of a gentleman than this—a gentleman is an Englishman made by the public schools.—From section in Burrow's *The Schools of England* entitled "The Influence of Public Schools."

Samuel Bagshaw, aged 73, of The Dimple, Matlock, a sportsman, was buried yesterday with a double six domino clasped in his hand.

Bagshaw once played football against a circus elephant and won a silver cup.—*Daily Dispatch.*

People passing down Whitehall yesterday were astonished to see, in the window of the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, a cat-o'-nine-tails, labelled "This week's special exhibit."

Beneath was a second notice: "Cat-o'-nine-tails, as used on board His Majesty's ships—early nineteenth century."

Colonel E. L. Hughes, the curator, told the *Daily Herald*: "We always try to be topical, and the reason for the whip being shown is that two of the men connected with the Mayfair jewel robbery have been condemned to 20 and 15 strokes of the 'cat.'"—*Daily Herald.*

A fashionable audience—with Queen Mary in a stage-box—roared with laughter at the Haymarket Theatre, London, last night as Dame Marie Tempest closed the first act of her new play, *Mary Goes to See*, with the words "Obviously a ——" (what the dictionary calls the female of the canine kind or opprobriously a woman).

The line was the biggest laugh of the play.—*Daily Express.*

This season's débutantes are studying Greek philosophy as preparation for their curtseys at Court. They take it as mental exercise. —*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

London maternity hospitals have suddenly become crammed to capacity, so overcrowded that many mothers are unable to get beds and have to be turned away.

A senior nurse at a famous maternity hospital said: "It's entirely due to the record number of marriages that took place in Coronation Week last May. We've never had so many babies."—*Sunday Referee.*

Did many other people, I wonder, thrill as I did over the news that when the Princess Royal landed at Famagusta, in Cyprus (where, I insist upon mentioning, I, too, have been), she was the first woman of the British Royal House to visit Cyprus since Richard Coeur de Lion married Berengaria, who then became Queen of England? What a romantic link with the past! The queen of the famous Richard in the twelfth century, and our own Princess Royal, the daughter of one King and the sister of another, nearly 800 years later.—Pandora, in the *Sunday Times.*

He is probably the only man, and certainly the only Royal Academician, to have ridden to hounds with a severe attack of gout in both feet.—*Evening Standard.*

Mr. Walter C. Craine, who is the Mayor of Douglas, said football pools were the safety-valve of the British nation. If working people were robbed of the hope of gaining an independence England would fall into the same street as Russia, Italy, and Germany.—*Manchester Guardian.*

MAGISTRATES AGAIN

A SHORT time ago a widow of good character, over 50 years of age, was convicted on a charge of receiving stolen articles, and sentenced to 28 days' imprisonment. She had pleaded "Not Guilty," but was not legally represented as she was entirely without means. Indignant neighbours came to see me, notice of appeal was given, and the woman was released on bail after serving five days' imprisonment. Free legal aid was granted by a Bench other than that which had convicted. When the case came before a learned Recorder at Quarter Sessions he allowed the appeal on a submission on behalf of the defence that there was no case to answer. Four magistrates sat on the Bench which convicted this woman. The chairman was 83 years of age. His three colleagues are each well over 70, the oldest being 79. These four justices regularly sit together. The chairman often complains that he cannot hear the evidence, and his memory is bad.

An interesting point brought out by this appeal was in connection with the magistrates' clerk's notes. On an appeal to Quarter Sessions a copy of the notes of evidence made by the clerk at the hearing before the justices is usually obtained by both sides on payment of a fee to the clerk. This had been done and the Recorder was supplied with a copy. He made some comment on the note, whereupon counsel for the prosecution said he was instructed to inform the learned Recorder that the note before him was not a record of the evidence given, but a copy of the proofs taken by the police, and the evidence actually given differed very materially from that in the proofs. The solicitor instructing counsel for the prosecution had himself appeared to prosecute in the court below, and was thus aware of the facts. Apparently a course commonly adopted in many courts had been followed. The police had, at the commencement of the hearing, handed to the clerk their proofs of evidence, and no note of the evidence for the prosecution had been taken, nor even the precaution of striking out the portions of the proofs in which the witnesses failed to "come up to their paper." No public comment was made. The grave objections to such a practice are obvious, one of the minor ones being that perjury is thereby made reasonably safe. Its prevalence in the summary courts is notorious. It is well to add that the summary court in which this occurred is neither better nor worse than the average of the provinces, and the particular Bench is equalled by many others.

Nobody now publicly defends the lay justices as they exist. The more exciting days when the noble proprietor of a certain

Sunday newspaper denounced me as an anonymous and vulgar scribbler and an eminent literary knight suggested in the columns of the *Week-end Review* that it was not surprising that I lost all my cases, are gone. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* lead the clamour for reform, and the Lord Chancellor has issued a circular admitting that all is not well. The circular, so far as it goes, is good. The trouble is that those who will have the intelligence and understanding to resign will be the best of those to whom it is particularly addressed. At worst, however, it will not have the effect of the notorious "Resurrection Circular" of a few years ago, and bring back to the Bench justices who had, for practical purposes, retired. But although no general defence is now attempted, the position of many of the threatened individuals is strong. Usually they are chairmen of their Benches, for chairmanship, as a policewoman once observed, goes by senility. Very frequently they hold high executive position in their party organisations. Often they are men of wealth. And so, in political and social clubs, men are asking with bated breath how Sir Methusaleh, the eminent financier, is likely to take the circular, and how Old Parr, the equally eminent Trade Unionist, will like it. The other day a well-known provincial paper, Liberal in politics, in an article gently deploring the circular, instanced four local justices who might be lost to the Bench through it. Of these three were prominent party politicians, one of them most certainly lacking the judicial temperament, and the fourth admittedly did not sit. Incidentally, I have been mildly surprised to find that many justices look upon signing summonses and warrants as purely formal matters, like attesting transfers of stock.

At any rate the argument, once popular in official circles, that without the aged it would be difficult to find men with enough leisure to act as J.P.s, has gone. Admittedly there are too many magistrates. The other day, at a court not a hundred miles from London, I appeared before a Bench of nine. Possibly owing to there being further justices in waiting there was no space left for the general public in the small courtroom, and so, like most of the persons waiting trial, they could not be admitted. But of equal importance with purging the Bench of the infirm and the incompetent, and the appointment of suitable men, is the question of whole-time justices' clerks. At present nine courts out of ten are served by clerks who are in private practice, and the theoretical and practical objections to this are too obvious to need elaborating. Rightly or wrongly, the existence of the part-time clerk has destroyed belief in the possibility of obtaining impartial justice in the average summary court. As the Lord Chief Justice is never tired of saying, "It is of fundamental importance that justice should not only be done, but should manifestly and undoubtedly be seen to be done." The main trouble with regard to clerks in private practice is that those who appear before them are actually or potentially their clients, as also may be the justices they advise. Where, as is often the case, a justices' clerk acts as prosecutor for the police in districts adjoining his own, the objections are obvious. I make no suggestion of corruption, but there can be little doubt that the majority of licensing work in England and Wales is done by part-time magistrates' clerks, practising in each other's courts. In the *Law Journal* for January 15th, 1938, will be found comments on a case in which a clerk to justices, after having, it was alleged, conducted the prosecution before the committing justices and also advised them, proceeded to brief counsel for the prosecution when the case came before Quarter Sessions. This was a case of committal for trial, and it must be remembered that, since on an appeal to Quarter Sessions a case is reheard, it is almost always useless to bring up irregularities in the court below, and they seldom come to light.

It is of the utmost importance, now that the question of reform is to the fore, that it should not be delayed or side-tracked. The Lord Chancellor's circular is a step in the right direction, but further action will be needed. The necessity of dealing with the part-time clerks is universally admitted. Something has been done to facilitate appeals, but very much remains to be done to make the right of appeal a reality and not a sham. Penal reform is a vital matter, but it is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will perceive that it is of importance that no one should be sent to prison without fair trial. However excellent prisons may be made, it is difficult to "reform" a man or woman suffering from a sense of injustice.

SOLICITOR

QUID PRO NIL

MORE valiant and high-stepping Powers
Make war and glory their concern;
Shopkeeping nations such as ours
Invest against a safe return,
But business caution we suspend
To buy the Duce for a friend.

The price of his esteemed goodwill
(Without security) includes
The cost of Abyssinia's bill—
A loan advanced on stolen goods.
Our shopsoiled honour goes as well
To purchase—what he has to sell.

Resolved to stick at no expense
To set aggression on its feet
We bribe with simple confidence
This bankrupt and unquestioned cheat
Who, once assisted to the top,
Will scheme to make us shut up shop.

Well-met above the corpse of Spain,
Extended credits we arrange,
The Duce basks in golden rain,
We keep Geneva—and the change.
The price we stoop to pay is high,
But what in God's name do we buy?

SAGITTARIUS

PORTUGUESE PARADOX

[BY A CORRESPONDENT]

THE visit of the British Mission to Portugal marks the end of a curious cycle in Anglo-Lusitanian affairs. For a year and a half it had seemed possible that England's oldest ally would fall into the arms of the Fascist Powers and that the third greatest colonial country, upon whom history and geography imposed a policy of the closest collaboration with whosoever might guarantee the freedom of the seas, would become a partner of the aggressive, "land-hungry" nations.

This new direction in Portuguese foreign policy, paradoxical as it may seem, was clearly manifested in the Committee of Non-Intervention. No secret was made of the pro-Fascist sympathies of the Lisbon Government. But the attitude was based upon what proved to be two profound miscalculations; belief in the uncheckable decline of British sea-power and the swift and certain victory of General Franco. The former was the inevitable repercussion upon the Latin mind of the failure in the Mediterranean and the subsequent humility of British Ministers before repeated and unblushing aggression. The second proceeded from the fact that the Portuguese dictator, brilliant in the realms of administration and finance, was surrounded by men with no experience or understanding at all of the real temper of the Spanish people.

Fear of Communism, admiration for the rising stars of Italian and German Fascism, belief in the rapid decline of degenerate democracy were cleverly worked upon by foreign agents. Radios Seville, Salamanca and Milan, and the German news agency D.B.N. which had secured a monopoly of the Spanish nationalist foreign news bulletins, maintained a ceaseless stream of semi-official propaganda, disturbing to

the hitherto pro-ally middle and small farmer classes, highly gratifying to the traditionally anti-liberal conservative classes who joined with the Spanish military in their detestation of everything democratic. Much was made out of such weak obstruction as the British Government offered to the open threat to its sea-lines, served up by the semi-official Radio Club Portugés as evidence of the rapid bolshevisation of Great Britain. No secret was made of the fact that subtle Jewish-Masonic influences, directed from Moscow and diffused by Monsieur Blum, had undermined the morale of a pro-Communist City of London. Mr. Stanley Baldwin was several times represented as the "democratic gate through which the waters of Bolshevist anarchy must flow," while Messrs. Attlee and Morrison were referred to as "agents of disorder and indiscipline," "men with bombs behind their frock coats at the order of Moscow." It was a matter of common talk that only Hitler and Mussolini could save England.

Pro-Nazi fervour increased. On public occasions vivas were sometimes given for the German and Italian dictators. Reactionary conservatives boasted that the alliance was worth less to Portugal than to England and that the English would have to mend their ways if they wanted to use the Azores and the Tagus in time of war. Numbers of men and women wore the swastika on their coats and gave Franco flags to their children. Letter-cards circulated widely bearing the photographs of Doctor Salazar, Franco, Hitler and Mussolini. English residents began to suffer from something like a social boycott produced by the genuine rage of a propaganda-fed upper class at the aid given by England to "Red" Spain. At the same time opportunity was taken to clean up democratic elements at home and some three thousand men were put behind bars on one night alone. A new militia force, similar to the Fascist militia in other countries appeared, and the work of collecting money for needy Spanish nationalists was increased, with the severest penalties for those who refused to subscribe. In Estoril the ubiquitous and easily recognisable Nazi spy appeared and numbers of foreigners, including several Jewish refugees, were ordered out of the country. Something like a wave of xenophobia began to appear among certain classes throughout the country.

Nevertheless, it was evident that this state of affairs could not continue indefinitely. It had no real relation to any fact other than fear of Spanish vengeance should the generals fail to win. Militant nationalism, uniforms, marching, saluting do not fit in well with the Portuguese temperament, and it was obvious that either General Franco must win or else things would tend slowly to revert to normal. The Franco alliance was profoundly unpopular among the majority of the people. Prices were rising all through the winter and it was widely believed that this was due to the shortage produced by the vast quantities of food-stuffs and materials sent into Franco Spain. Voices were heard in responsible circles questioning the wisdom of alienating the English, and recalling the sad fate of other nations that had gambled on the supposed decadence of the incalculable "Britannics." Additionally, there was the fact that the wave of militant Fascism was producing its inevitable reaction and driving hitherto mildly liberal classes far to the left in bitter hostility to the regime, and that the tremendous publicity so obligingly given to Marxism had resulted in a widespread curiosity as to what it might be.

Thus public opinion was not unprepared for the turn of the tide that set in with the Nyon Agreement. The unwillingness of the self-acclaimed master of the Mediterranean to tackle anything larger than a cargo-boat was immediately noted by a people disturbed by the ruthlessness of the new lords of the sea. As the winter of 1937 progressed the economic hollowness of the Fascist façade became more and more apparent and the romance slowly faded out. In Spain General Franco was achieving nothing, while from Germany came only the sounds of a rising aggressiveness in colonial policy and rumours of the Schacht colonial plan. At the same time between Portugal and Great Britain there existed geographical and political interests impossible to ignore. Ideological differences, deliberately fostered by interested parties, bore little relation to the fundamental realities of the situation, while the necessities and possessions of both countries formed a political unit hard to keep apart. Thus, by the new year, Doctor Salazar had already realised that the policy of 1936 was ripe for reconsideration and that the ancient friendship had a practical value not lightly to be set aside. Judging by speeches made recently on official occasions in Portugal no one is more relieved or appreciative than his own people.

BAD EGGS

AN East-end shopkeeper has been fined £15 with ten guineas costs for exposing bad eggs for sale; and, as this was his second conviction within twelve months for exposing unsound food, he was also ordered to put up a notice on the door of his shop announcing his punishment. He has since protested: "The eggs complained of I knew to be bad, and I told the inspector that they were not being sold"; and in one newspaper he is reported to have said: "I was just trying to make up my mind to throw them in the dustbin when the inspector came." The law, unfortunately, is severe on procrastination, and, if it discovers a bad egg in a shop, rushes to the conclusion that it is there for no good purpose.

Yet, if we are to believe tradition, bad eggs in the past have made a worthy contribution to human happiness. No Parliamentary election in the old days seems to have been complete without them. Even when the ordinary citizen did not possess a vote, he could find great satisfaction in promoting his ideals with a series of well-aimed eggs, and, to emphasise the sincerity of his ideals, the eggs had to be bad. I have read many stories of rowdy political meetings, but I have never read of a meeting at which fresh or new-laid eggs were thrown. The common formula is: "The candidate retreated under a hail of rotten eggs, one of which struck him between the eyes, temporarily blinding him." As I have read these stories, I have often wondered where political enthusiasts used to get their supplies of rotten eggs. Did the milkshops and grocers keep a special store of them, hoping to make a profit on them when a General Election arrived? If they did, some of the eggs must have been very bad indeed, for there was a time when Parliaments could last for seven years. To-day, I confess, if I wished to buy a supply of bad eggs for a young political friend, I should not have the slightest notion where to go in search of them. I doubt whether even the great stores, which boast that they stock everything, could fulfil an order for a gross of bad eggs. Under the persecution of inspectors the bad egg has become a rarity, and, as a result, democracy has been deprived of one of its most striking means of expression.

It may be, however, that the disappearance of the bad egg from public life is due largely to the growing popularity of the tomato. I do not know when England began to be a tomato-eating country on a large scale, but it cannot be doubted that, as the taste for tomatoes spread, the more ardent spirits among the politically minded discovered that the fruit was good for other purposes besides eating. I knew a charming and very prim old lady who, while sitting on the platform at an open-air Suffragette meeting, was much surprised by the sudden impact of an over-ripe tomato on her cheek-bone. It was her first brush with political reality, and the chief effect it had on her was to rouse her to demand that in future the occupants of the platform as well as the audience should provide themselves in advance with a good stock of vegetables. One of the curious facts of English political life is that, whereas the audience has again and again felt free to attack the platform, the platform has never had the wit to see the importance of anticipating this by organising what might be called a preventive attack on the audience. I can remember only one occasion during the past thirty years on which the platform, instead of waiting for trouble, stormed the audience

almost at the beginning of the meeting; but the platform on that occasion contained prize-fighters and footballers. Certainly no political candidate has ever risen to speak at an election meeting with a basketful of tomatoes, turnips, carrots and other vegetables placed warningly on the table in front of him. Yet, if a candidate is allowed to retort in speech to an interrupter, I do not see why he should not be permitted to retort in kind to a tomato-thrower.

It is obvious that throwing things at objects is an activity that makes an appeal to a deep-seated human instinct. There are many young men who find intense happiness in throwing stones at an empty bottle floating in the sea or standing upright on the shingle. Small boys often throw stones at birds, not through malice, but from the love of throwing things at other things. I remember when I was a boy strolling in a garden with a still smaller boy who at sight of a bird always dived for a stone and hurled it at the bird with all his might. Alarmed lest he might hit a bird—which, luckily, small boys seldom do—I tried to discourage him. "Ah," he said, as though he were the victim of a fatal passion, "I can't help clodding stones when I see anything to clod them at," "clod" being a dialect word for "throw." And this passion for clodding, it seems to me, is the origin of many of our popular amusements.

If you go to Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, you will see one Aunt Sally stall after another, at which successive gangs of young men pay twopence or threepence each for permission to throw wooden balls at grotesque figures with pipes in their mouths. Coconuts, I admit, are offered as prizes, and you may think that it is the lure of the coconut that incites the young men to their vicious onslaughts on the Aunt Sallies. You might as well think that it is the lure of some cup or other that incites young men to play football. Young men play football for the love of kicking things, and they gather round the Aunt Sally stall for the love of throwing things. After all, at a country race-meeting, I have seen a human Aunt Sally bobbing up and down in a barrel like a Jack-in-the-box and allowing spectators for a fee to throw wooden balls at him in the hope of cracking his skull when his head appeared above the edge of the barrel, and no prize was offered except the delight of throwing the balls and the hope of striking a not-so-hard object with a hard one. The delight of throwing and the hope of hitting—these are the constituents of half our amusements.

In my boyhood there was a Sunday school famous for its annual soirées at which the local children gathered for the joy not only of over-eating, but of aiming buns soaked in tea at each other across the hall. No prizes were offered. It was purely an affair of art for art's sake. The plop of an unexpected tea-soaked bun against the cheek of the paragon of the Sunday school roused a tumult of joy like the score of a goal at a football match.

It may seem a far cry from such primitive amusements to the great games that are now realised to play so important a part in the furtherance of national fitness. Yet I cannot help thinking that cricket itself originated in the passion for throwing things at things. Cricket is in essence a throwing game in which the cockshy is defended with a bat. It has become elaborated with time, but its tendency to return to a more primitive form was shown a few years ago, if all the stories told about bodyline bowling were true. Bowls again is simply a middle-aged man's substitute for throwing stones at an empty bottle. And who that has watched a game of skittles can fail to have noticed its resemblance to the sport that is to be had at an Aunt-Sally booth? There is more skill required, for even in their primitive love of throwing things men like to create difficulties for themselves; but even in this game of skill the main delights are those of hurling the cheese and seeing hard-hit objects tumbled in the dust. I fancy partridge-shooting and snipe-shooting are also comparatively modern developments of stone-throwing. Shot takes the place of stones, and the gun takes the place of the hand; but all that this means is that the boy who once threw pebbles at sparrows has grown older.

Rioting, I imagine, is another development of the same boyish pleasure. It is a form of self-expression for which I am temperamentally unfitted, quite apart from the fact that my right arm is as ill-suited for throwing as a Victorian girl's; but, so far as I have been able to gather from conversations with those who have taken part in riots, most of them have thoroughly enjoyed them. "Ah, Y.," said a young Dubliner to me once, after his first experience of a Belfast riot, "this throwing stones at peelers is grand sport." He rubbed the muscles of his arm, which were aching as a result of his efforts, but his eyes were bright with emotion recollected in tranquillity. Scottish students seem to take much the same kind of pleasure in pelting all kinds of objects, including bags of flour, at each other during rectorial elections. And I never met an elderly graduate of a Scottish university who did not look back on such occasions with a dreamy smile as much as to say that life was worth living in those days.

Had it not been for the spread of games, I am convinced—or nearly convinced—that riots would have increased instead of diminishing in number with the growth of town populations. As things are, games provide so general an outlet for the love of throwing things and kicking things that rowdyism has become almost superfluous as a form of entertainment. The young man who in other generations would have thrown bad eggs at an election candidate now becomes a fast bowler at cricket. The idealist with the over-ripe tomato is giving place to the dart-thrower in the public bar. This is, I think, on the whole a good thing. The dealer in bad eggs can no longer plead that he is selling sports requisites, and the inspectors can go on with their work with a good conscience. Y. Y.

Correspondence

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Can nothing be done to alter a penal code which allows the infliction of such a brutal torture as the cat? It is a remarkable fact that the public do not recognise as a "torture" any form of whipping, however painful, though they would rise in an ecstasy of indignation against a law which substituted the branding iron or any other instrument of torture, even though it gave less pain to the victim.

The reason seems to be that many parents, and still more schoolmasters and schoolboys, use a milder form of this torture on children, and so refuse to call it by its real name. Corporal punishment sounds just, disinterested and humane, and it hurts the one who inflicts it more than the victim; but torture is so unashamedly sadistic that the name must not occur to anybody—except to the wretched convict who waits two weeks in a cell for it. A. K. MILNE

30 Regent Square, W.C.1.

SIR,—My excuse for this letter is the immense and sensational publicity given to the "Mayfair" flogging sentences. In my opinion the time has come when a campaign should be started to try to abolish all forms of flogging, not so much for humanitarian as for moral reasons. If British alone among civilised people must officially retain tortures in their penal code, then let that torture be not of an indecent and sensual character. It has never been argued that judicial flogging can reclaim the recipient; its justification has always been to strike terror by example. Unless such sentences receive wide publicity, there cannot even be a hope of their accomplishing this result.

In this alone there is the gravest, although nearly always hidden, moral danger to the youth of the country. Some years ago when a considerable sensation was caused by a man committing suicide to avoid flogging, in the waiting-room of a large city office I heard two young girl typists discussing the cat and its manner of infliction. One of them had certainly made enquiries, because the revolting details she gave her friend in regard to the effect on the man's body I have subsequently seen hinted at in a book by the late Dr. Hamblin-Smith, who as an ex-prison doctor speaks as an eye-witness. The girls were, of course, under the impression that the waiting room was empty, and their conversation was not

being overheard. The evil done to adolescent minds by reading and dwelling on catting and birching sentences, which doubtless many thousands will do this week-end, is incalculable.

If anyone thinks I exaggerate, let him cast his eye through the window of any of the many shops in London which exist solely for the sale of border-line fiction, contraceptives and aphrodisiacs. These shops almost without exception display in their windows illustrated treatises on flogging. These books are so exhibited that it is impossible to pass the establishments without seeing them. The obvious object is to create a market for the other articles.

There is great danger that the report of the Departmental Inquiry—at any rate so far as the adult side of the question is concerned—may tend to increase rather than diminish the use of the birch and cat. A few weeks ago a High Court Judge actually stated that youths should be flogged for offences against girls under sixteen. In the case this judge was trying the couple were going to be married in a few days, the parents having subsequently given their consent.

C. GORDON CLUNN

Hendon, N.W.4.

TRINIDAD AND OIL

SIR,—May I add a footnote to Dr. Norman Leys' article on the situation in Trinidad?

The way in which the Commission went out of its way to whitewash the oil companies and convey the impression that on the whole they are not faring very well is truly remarkable. Actually, in 1936, 78 per cent. of the total output was produced by four companies, monopolistically united in an association which dictates wages. Their issued capital at the date of their last balance sheets was £4,040,000, which with reserves, premiums and P/L balances of £2,730,000 brings the shareholders' total interest up to £6,770,000. They paid wages which cannot have exceeded £500,000, but profits for the year 1936–7 (but ending on different dates) totalled £1,540,000 or 23 per cent. of the total interest, after allowing for taxation and liberal amortisation. Apex declared a dividend of 45 per cent., and Leaseholds 30 per cent. There is no doubt that the industry is prospering exceedingly, and it has been a principal contention of Trinidadians for years that it is too lightly taxed at 2*s.* 6*d.* in the £. These facts are the background of the disturbances which occurred last June, and must be placed first in any attempt to understand them.

In the matter of the franchise, which Dr. Leys mentions, the qualification for membership of the Legislative Council is an annual income of £400, which I need hardly say shuts out all but the upper classes; but in any case only seven of the twenty-six members are elected. The electoral qualification of £62 10*s.* per annum similarly excludes the working classes so effectively from the vote that at the keenly contested general elections of 1933 there were fewer than 26,000 voters in a population of 425,000. When the oil workers, the most highly paid workers in Trinidad, get the 72 cents a day for which they were asking their annual income will not exceed £47.

W. ARTHUR LEWIS

35 Stanley Gardens,
London, N.W.3.

SIR,—With eighteen years' experience of Trinidad I was interested in the article "Empire" by Mr. Norman Leys, appearing in your issue of February 12th.

I cannot agree that the loyalty of the British West Indies can be measured by the number of birthdays of British monarchs they keep as holidays, any more than I would suggest it could be measured by the fact that 90 per cent. of the audience in any cinema put on their hats and walk out when "God Save the King" is played.

I doubt very much whether hunger was the main cause of praedial larceny. The popular West Indian postcard which depicts the elder in frock coat and top hat who, on his way to church, has stopped to admire a large bunch of wayside bananas, under the caption "Please God I tief you to-night," is perhaps more truly indicative. In any case the Commission and Trinidad are not interested in the effect of praedial larceny on the large planter, but rather in its effect on the peasant proprietor and the worker who wishes to grow vegetables in his garden.

Mr. Norman Leys states: "The figures given on yet a third page for the wage those workers demanded show that if they were to get that wage—what they do get is not stated—they would receive in all less than £400,000." I am unable to find any such statement in the Report, and the fact is that the oil industry paid out in wages alone (not salaries) £473,000 in 1936. The 1937 figures are not available but are considerably higher. The figure £400,000 does appear in paragraph 81, but only as the amount of the loan charges if the oil industry were acquired and nationalised for £10,000,000. Mr. Leys further states that the oilfields "contribute £48,000 to the revenue of the Colony." The actual contribution of the oil industry in direct revenue to the Government was given in evidence before the Commission as £375,000 in 1936. This does not include the excise duty on gasolene, etc., which is collected through the oil companies and paid in by them to the Government. The figure £48,000 only appears once in the Report in paragraph 85, and then only as the asphalt industry's average contribution to revenue over seven years.

Mr. Leys says the Commissioners complacently reject the claim of the workers that some of them should be given the franchise. Mr. Leys seems to be unaware that the franchise qualification in Trinidad is comparatively low and that Mr. Rienzi, the leader of two of the recently formed Trade Unions, has been elected to the Legislature.

Mr. Leys' opinions would be more valuable if his figures were correct.

HORACE C. B. HICKLING

Kingsgarn,
Burlington Road, Swanage

[Mr. Norman Leys writes: Col. Hickling quotes to discomfit me figures that are not in the Report at all. As manager of a Trinidad Oil Company he has naturally private sources of information. He will find the wage the workers asked for in para. 175 of the Report. The figure he gives as the sum the industry pays in wages is less than half the profits in 1937 of a single oil company, presumably the largest. As for the sum Col. Hickling states the companies contribute to the Colonial revenues, one wonders why, if it is correct, the Report does not give the figure. It does not specifically state that the £48,000 is the contribution of the bitumen companies alone. But I see now from the context that Col. Hickling is right. It is the only point he scores. Your readers will note that he does not deny that very few of the workers have votes. The leader of the Trade Unions who is in the Legislature happens to be a lawyer, as Col. Hickling must know but does not mention.—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

CONSTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Mr. Crossman, in reviewing *Constructive Democracy*, holds that by seeking a faith common to all democrats we have "reduced democracy to the lowest common denominator of ineptitude. . . . There is no faith which every citizen can be expected to share, except the pious aspiration that in order to gain his objectives he will not be compelled to use force." In other words, Mr. Crossman holds that it is impossible to define the difference between democracy and dictatorship. Surely such a statement coming from a university teacher of politics is an astonishing piece of pessimism—an astonishing suggestion of the impotence of the human mind? Surely there must be some reason why we in this country hate dictatorships and cruelty, and believe that democracy, imperfect though it may be, is the only possible way to a finer and better civilisation?

Mr. Crossman's suggestion that we do not attempt to define the common faith of democrats is incorrect. The whole object of the first chapter is to try to distinguish between the *weltanschauung* of the dictator and the democrat. I believe this matter to be of the first importance; may I be allowed to quote here the summary of the chapter:

1. *The Individual.*

The essence of democracy is the belief in the ultimate importance of every individual, that the State exists for man, not man for the State.

That involves an optimistic faith in humanity; a faith that the common man, given time and proper opportunities of experience and education, will have enough good will and common sense to fulfil his responsibilities as a citizen.

2. *The Social Order.*

It also involves the faith that free men with equal rights will develop a form of government based on discussion and the search for common agreement, allowing the maximum of freedom and using the minimum of coercion, which will provide such conditions, material and spiritual, as to render possible the good life for every citizen.

3. *The Good Life.*

The good life may be the ideal of the Greek, the Christian, the humanist, or of others. But one condition is essential; it must

be based on "an emotion of pain in the suffering of others, and happiness in their happiness"; it must include an active love of one's neighbour.

Our Association feels its responsibility for endeavouring to determine what should be the qualities and functions of the citizen of a democratic State. This is our first fumbling attempt to re-define the faith of democracy in the light of the new dictatorships, which are threatening its very existence. This summary has been approved by Lord Lytton, Sir Archibald Sinclair and Mr. Attlee "as a statement of the fundamental aims of British democracy which should be generally acceptable to members of all parties," though Mr. Attlee added that he regarded economic equality as essential to true democracy. We feel that this endorsement of views, which would certainly not be accepted by any dictator, by leaders of our three great democratic parties is important and encouraging. We should all be indebted to Mr. Crossman and the other political scientists at our universities if they would help us to think out these vital problems more fully.

Association for Education in Citizenship,
10 Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.

E. D. SIMON,
Chairman

PARADISE LOST

SIR,—

The Fall of Man, the parsons tell us, dates
From Adam and Eve driven from Eden's gates.
Is not the Fall of those more certain still
Who part from Eden of their own free will?

J. S. M.

PHILOSOPHY AND COMMON SENSE

SIR,—During the past few weeks I have been present at meetings of Left Book Club discussion groups at which there was no standing room, scores being turned away. None of these people is concerned with the old philosophical issues, but they are desperately anxious to interpret the apparent chaos of modern history by discerning the changing group regularities in the world. From this they hope to be led to group activity of such a nature as will transform this chaos into a planned economy of an ethically satisfying nature. It follows that the task of constructive enlightenment is of first importance to-day. It is the responsibility of a scientific worker to bring his special knowledge and understanding to bear on this problem; and that is all I have tried to do in the book to which Mr. Russell takes such exception as to be unable even to tell your readers what its "line" is. May I, therefore, be allowed to indicate some of the answers I give to some of his points of disagreement?

The physicist has shown, Mr. Russell asserts, that matter is a chapter of accidental events, that "the material substratum . . . is a piece of metaphysical lumber." If this means what you and I understand by it, then Mr. Russell wants me to begin by throwing the whole problem overboard. Spain, Italy, China, Abyssinia, Depressed Areas, Armaments are so much metaphysical lumber. I cannot persuade crowded audiences of this, and I would be false to my task if I did. No reputable physicist handling his apparatus would assert this. It is distilled from the findings of certain mathematicians who examine the logical relations that can be constructed among the measures found by physicists when these measures are interpreted in the light of theories of the persistent identity of statistical entities like electrons and atoms. These mathematical teething troubles, while they tell us a great deal about the theories, tell us a great deal less about the material the physicist handles than the theorists imagine. I refuse at a time like this to be party to increasing the confusion that already prevails. Matter is simply what we pick up and handle, and the physicist, biologist, and the common man are with me on this. So are most mathematicians if they had the courage to speak. What, then, does Mr. Russell want us to deduce? That since accident rules at the basis of nature all is chaos and we can do nothing? But science also tells us how to handle groups of accidents, how to disclose their regularity. In point of fact it is not chaos that the quantum theory tells us about, but a form of regularity. Since I will not accept such irrationality I am guilty of an act of faith. If I did, I would deny science, I would be false to my task.

That this stress on the irrationality of nature is the underlying theme of his review is evident from his critique of a dynamics of society. First, there does not exist such a dynamics, he says; secondly, because of the accidental nature of human action it cannot exist; thirdly, in so far as Marxism was one it went hopelessly wrong in relation to Fascism. We note that if I accept these points human group action becomes irrational, and the fact that I refuse to accept this irrationality is due to an act of faith on my part. Why Mr. Russell himself does not accept this irrational behaviour on my part but seeks to expose its rationale beats me. His practice belies his theory, but it verifies mine; for I assert that everyone and every group seeks a dynamical regularity in all its social practice, and regulates its conduct accordingly. This is what Mr. Russell calls an act of faith. Now every person who handles statistical material has the task of finding the level at which regularities are exposed. In seeking a dynamics of social change the inter-related qualities these show have to be analysed and explored by experimental practice. Who, does Mr. Russell imagine, will produce such a dynamics? Certainly not abstract economists or philosophers who argue that since every detail looks like an accident there can be no group partner. Surely just those very people who crowd to those meetings anxious to undertake experimental political practice. Mr. Russell may argue that the level of pattern presented to them in the first instance is too lacking in detail, but this surely has to be refined by that very practice. What else is experimental method? Would it have been a valid argument against the use of science in the nineteenth century that it did not predict the quantum theory? Then why is it an argument against Marxism or its modern equivalent that in the middle of the nineteenth century it did not predict the details of how capitalism would strive to retain its hold as long as possible? I dealt very fully in my book with the nature of such sociological prediction.

Finally, in a world trembling on the brink of social transformation I cannot believe that anyone who argues for a *non possumus* attitude to the making of history or for a belief in the immateriality of the world about us can possibly have ideals much the same as mine.

H. LEVY.

THIS ENGLAND

SIR,—I see that you include in this column a remark made by the Duchess of Hamilton that men might learn to love each other by learning to love animals. The Duchess of Hamilton, the John Howard of the movement for humane slaughter, has perhaps found in the course of her heroic work in the slaughter houses here and on the Continent, some reason for coming to a conclusion that seems so singular to the editor of this column; the conclusion that cruelty of one kind leads to cruelty of another. I do not think that her view would have seemed odd either to Garibaldi or to Michael Davitt, two men who, when engaged in trying to make men hate one another less under most difficult conditions, spared time and energy and risked popularity to protest against cruelty to animals in Italy and Ireland.

Oatfield, Piccotts End,
Hemel Hempsted, Herts.

J. L. HAMMOND

[Inclusion of a statement in *This England* does not imply criticism of the character of the person responsible for it. The actual remark quoted was not quite that men might learn to love each other by learning to love animals—a quite sensible proposition, especially in the mouth of the Duchess of Hamilton—but that "it is through the love of animals that at the last I believe we shall conquer war." This does appear to us a typical example of the present exaggerated tendency in this country to substitute a love of animals, desirable in itself, for a realistic approach to economic, psychological and political problems.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DICK SHEPPARD

SIR,—I have been asked by his literary executrix, Miss Sheppard, with the approval of his family, to write the biography of the late Dr. H. R. L. Sheppard. I shall be very grateful if those of Dr. Sheppard's friends who are willing to lend me his letters t them would do so. They will be copied and promptly returned to the owners. None of the letters will be published, in whole or in part, without the consent of the owners, to whom I shall apply.

11 New Square,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

Miscellany

SAILORS' HARBOUR

My thoughts, like sailors becalmed in Cape Town harbour,
Wait your return, like a favourable wind, or like
New tackle for the voyage, without which it is useless starting.
We watch the sea daily, finish our daily tasks
By ten in the morning, and with the day to waste,
Wander through the suburbs, with quiet thoughts of the brothels,
And sometimes thoughts of the churches.

In the eating-houses we always contrive to get near to
The window, where we can keep an eye on the life-
Bearing sea. Suddenly a wind might blow, and we must not miss
First sight of the waves as they darken with promise for us.
We have been here too long. We know the quays,
And the streets near the quays, more than should ever be necessary.
When can we go on our way?

Certain we are of this, that when the wind comes,
It may be deceptive and sweet and finally blow to
Shipwreck and ruin between here and the next port of call.
At all times we think of this. At last we have come to know
The marine charts can safely assure us of less and less
As we go farther south. So we cannot go out on the boulevards
Or climb Table Mountain,

Though if we had certainty, here there might be delight.
But all that is world in itself, the mountain, the
Sand-dunes outside the town, we shyly and sadly return from.
They are too much to bear. And our curiosity
Lies alone in the over-scrubbed decks and the polished brasses
(For we have to look trim in the port) and in
The high-piled ambiguous cargo.

HENRY REED

MASS OBSERVATION AND LITERATURE

A HISTORY might be written round the movements of our time. Politics, of course, would be its centre, but on the fringe we should discover a host of lesser movements, each providing its enthusiasts with a creed, an activity, a way of life. The essence of these movements is that they isolate a common faculty or enjoyment and give it the importance of a religion. You enjoy walking? There is also a mysticism of walking, in which you join the *wandervögel* and believe in free love, dress reform, and vaguely revolutionary politics. Or perhaps, instead of being young and hard-up, you are prosperous and middle-aged, and wish to reconcile business deals with Christianity? Rotary or Buchman will fix your type. Or the same business-man longs, platonically and promiscuously, for youth: he becomes a nudist. To every man his movement, the chance of making his inclination an obsession. He emerges as a convert, and by taking the step into public realises in some degree the Utopia at the back of his mind.

Two movements of a more intellectual type which the historian might bracket together are Surrealism and Mass Observation. They are fashionable, they have the appeal of simplicity. The convert to either accepts a principle and click! though he is where he was before, sitting in front of the fire, the most humdrum detail of his life glows with meaning. His idle moments are no longer idle, for the Mass Observer goes on mass observing when he lights a pipe or looks out of the window, the Surrealist surrealises even in his sleep. According as we are watchers or dreamers, extravert or introvert, we belong potentially to one or other faction. Nothing could be said against either activity as a hobby. The only point is the degree of importance we attach to them. It will be noticed that Surrealism and Mass Observation, though so different in approach, equally claim to be scientific and to represent truth. Both, I believe, spring from the same fundamental distrust of the arts.

A distrust so deep that in writing, for example, their aim is not so much to introduce new literary methods, as to supersede literature altogether. Poetry and novels are the field attacked. We know the vital part played by the unconscious in poetic creation: isolate the unconscious then, says the Surrealist, give in to it, let it rule you, and the result will be a true document of the human mind; that is the only reality. The Mass Observer, also glancing at literature, begins with reality at the other end of the scale: the picture the novelist gives of society. How far is this picture true? he asks; and decides that, in so far as it is an inexact transcription of fact, it is untrue. For fiction writing, or literary guesswork, he intends therefore to substitute mass reporting of fact. He assumes, like the Surrealist, that his method is infallible.

So there we are, with offers of a subjective reality on the one hand and objective fact on the other. And literature disappearing like a tram service from the streets. The idea that science (assuming for the moment that these movements can be called scientific) will ultimately displace literature is, I think, peculiar to this century. Mr. Max Eastman in a brilliant book, *The Literary Mind* (Scribners, 1931) analyses the conflict between science and literature and asks a number of questions:

> What *is* literature apart from science? What is the literary mind? What will it have to do, thousands of years hence, when trained investigators with statistics and laboratory findings under their bulging arms may conceivably have *some* tested and dependable word to say on almost any problem that arises?

He concludes that literature will lose more and more its privilege of *instructing*, as exact knowledge increases, but that it will keep its place as a means of communicating experience or, as he puts it, "the immediate quality of things." This seems the obviously sensible conclusion. But other critics, taking the scientific side, go farther and argue that literature, like religion, will be sloughed as a primitive mode of thinking, that the flaw lies in the imagination itself, which to put it bluntly is merely the habit of grandiose lying. Mr. Upton Sinclair, I remember, once wrote an angry analysis of *Kubla Khan*, pointing out that it was all very well to go on admiring such things under the sacred name of poetry, but when one came down to brass tacks this poem was nothing but a series of lying statements from beginning to end.

> In Xanadu . . .

Where was Xanadu? The phrase "caverns measureless to man" particularly irritated Mr. Sinclair; for him all caverns were *measurable*, and one should say so. His point of view may seem crude, nevertheless it has been held at times by good writers, and probably it is fairly widespread to-day. The independence of the poetic imagination from truth—however we may define truth—is a difficulty which no aesthetician has met. Keats's "Beauty is Truth, etc," is as crude in its way as Mr. Sinclair's accusation of lying. I doubt if any writer now living would stand by it.

So much we may allow to Mr. Tom Harrisson, initiator of Mass Observation, who in a university magazine, *Light and Dark*, has just published a "hail and farewell" to literature. His article, 6,000 words long, takes the form of a review of *The Year's Poetry* 1937, *New Writing*, *Letters from Iceland*, and the Auden number of *New Verse*. It is intended obviously as an official statement of the Mass Observation point of view, and will be published later on in book form. A number of poems by Auden and others are quoted in order to show how remote our poets are from popular feeling; and the moral of the article (though not explicitly stated) is that Mass Observation proves them decadent and will finally adjust the situation. Mr. Harrisson turns on these poems a Prodnose-like gaze.

Beside the fiction he sets the fact. He quotes a list of the foods mentioned in *Poetry*, 1937, and adds caustically: "staff of life, food and such, can't come out high." Fish, he finds, appear often in imagery; but nowhere in the book is there an edible fish and chips. "Nothing of ordinary life," says Mr. Harrisson. But the death-wish is strong.

> Religion gets third place in types of metaphoric imagery used in 1937 poetry. First place is Death and Decease, with three hundred and thirty-six allusions. The distribution of Death-emphases in our culture is a point of much interest. One can only say here that it is equally characteristic of revivalist hymns, "news," the "music hall," while almost insignificant in ordinary conversation (1 per cent. in a 12,000 sample).

What is this designed to show? That poetry, like the music hall, is unlike ordinary conversation? That it ought to be like it? That because the mention of death is only 1 per cent. in the ordinary conversations picked up by Mass Observers, therefore ordinary people do not talk or think of death? One wonders where Mr. Harrisson's observers have been listening. Or perhaps ordinary people do not die.

Mr. Harrisson talks a lot about the death-wish of young poets, and quotes these lines by Louis MacNeice:

> All the wires are cut, my friends
> Live beyond the severed ends.
> So I write these lines to you
> Who have felt the death-wish too.

He omits the next line of the poem, which reads:

> But your lust for life prevails.

This misunderstanding is pointed out in a pamphlet which follows hot on the heels of Mr. Harrisson's article. *Challenge to Tom Harrisson*, by George Dudman and Patrick Terry, is a cracking reply which gives a bewildering list of further misunderstandings or inaccuracies. It is such an exposure that I advise readers of Mr. Harrisson's article to get hold of the pamphlet as well. By studying both together they will learn a great deal about Mass Observation as practised by its commander-in-chief. The first point, as I have suggested, is that Mass Observation hopes to cut out literature by means of its accurate reports on human nature; the second is that when a Mass Observer gets to work, as Mr. Harrisson does on poetry, he is apparently quite incapable of being accurate.

When some months ago I reviewed the first Mass Observation book, *Mass Observation Day—Survey*, Mr. Harrisson was much annoyed because I criticised the triviality of most of very the reports. The fact that something or other had been seen by a Mass Observer was supposed to be sufficient guarantee of its accuracy and importance. But surely it is obvious that in preparing their reports Mass Observers, like anyone else, must be rigidly selective (out of a million possible facts they pick fifty), and this in itself implies an exercise of judgment. The value of a piece of Mass Observation depends wholly on the degree of selectivity of the Mass Observer. And are they so much more capable than Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Wells, Mr. Priestley or the reporter from the *Daily Express* of sorting out what goes on under their noses? To judge from the Coronation book and Mr. Harrisson's survey of modern poetry, they see little enough. Mass Observation intends to publish a second volume this month and five more in the autumn. Some of the subjects sound interesting; we shall be able to test the claim that Mass Observers tap sources unknown to writers. Let us hope, too, they will show a little of the perceptiveness Mr. Harrisson so scorns in literature.

G. W. STONIER

THE MOVIES

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," at the New Gallery
"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," at the Film Society

NOT only is Walt Disney the most original genius active to-day in the world of the cinema, he is of all men the widest disseminator of gaiety, beauty and happiness. It seems therefore ungrateful to confess that his first full-length film is less satisfactory than we had hoped.

The principal problem of the film was how to treat the human characters. In the short cartoons human beings seldom appeared, and when they did it was only in such broad character parts as Father Noah or the Pied Piper. But in the fable of the brothers Grimm, to which Disney sticks commendably close, the Queen, Prince Charming and Snow White herself are leading figures; and of the three it is significant that he has been most successful with the wicked Queen, especially when she transforms herself into an old witch. For his lovers Disney has fallen back upon conventional notions of prettiness, and the face of Snow White in particular (not altogether unlike Betty Boop) lacks the character and individuality which rightly belong to that resourceful heroine. And they are made to move and talk at a tempo and in a style too realistic to suit either the fantastic genius of Disney or the dreamy mood of a fairy-tale. So it is, too, though to a lesser extent, with the Dwarfs; in part lovable creatures of Disney's fancy, they show a recurring tendency to lapse into broad American slapstick. For example, their leader, Doc, constantly muddles up his words and says "Go downstairs and bring her up, I mean, go upstairs and bring her down"; an old vaudeville trick already too familiar on the screen and unworthy of Disney or Grimm. To complete our grumbles, the use of colour is more timid than usual, and shows signs of the tradition that fairy-stories must be illustrated in washy browns and greens and mauves, whereas most children prefer bold primary colours. Jean de Brunhoff would have made a better model than Arthur Rackham.

In short, if anybody expects to find throughout *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* the comic invention and brilliant colour of the best short cartoons, he will be disappointed. Honesty, and Mr. Disney's claims as a serious artist, demand these admissions. But when they have been made, what a delightful, unique entertainment remains. The opening dialogue between the Queen and the magic mirror, followed by the scene of Snow White by the wishing well, prepare us for enchantment. The princess's features and even her song may be conventional, but the true Disney touch is seen in the inquisitive dove who watches as she peers at her reflection in the well, and in the splendidly rhythmical line of the Queen's billowing crimson robe as she descends the castle stairs. Moreover, two or three sequences restore to us the old dynamic colour patterns of *Father Noah's Ark* and *The Band Concert*. There is a fine tempest; and a bewitching flow of rich, deep tones in the scene where the Queen brews her magic potion. The most imaginative episode in the film is the flight of Show White through the forest pursued by the terrors of her own imagination, and its beautiful sequel, when she falls exhausted and the animals come and snuffle around her. Ah, those animals! Not even in *Little Hiawatha* has Mr. Disney's zoological fancy been so inventive and so winning. There is a little bird who sings a brief cadenza in rivalry with Snow White, one eye cocked on his admiring parents as he approaches the top note; and there is a long and delicious episode in which rabbits, squirrels, deer, and even a tortoise are all set to the task of washing up and cleaning out the slatternly home of the Dwarfs. When we watch such scenes as these we remember what a miracle it is, after all, that, in a corner of the world dominated even more than the rest by commerce, this pure, original genius should survive and flourish. If we were to judge the ordinary productions of Elstree and Hollywood by the standards we naturally apply to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, we should be lucky to find half a dozen films worth visiting in a year.

The Film Society celebrated its hundredth meeting by some interesting revivals from its early programmes. We were shown one of Adrian Brunel's burlesque newsreels, a very early Chaplin (*Champion Charlie*, 1916), and the famous *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. This German film, made by Robert Wiene in 1919, had an enormous influence—not perhaps directly on producers and directors, but on everybody who at that period was taking the movies seriously as an artistic

medium. Of course it contains passages in which the formulas of German stage expressionism seem mere formulas, without real significance; but the fantastic, distorted scenery and Werner Krauss's command of pose, gesture and facial expression in the role of the lunatic doctor are almost as impressive as ever. Germany has always excelled in the realm of the grotesque; and the crouching, slouching old madman scuttling along the city walls in his rusty, flapping surtout is still, after nearly twenty years, a figure to stir the imagination. The revival of *Dr. Caligari* prompts two thoughts; first, that we should like to see more of Herr Krauss; second, that if anyone should want to make an up-to-date *Caligari*, he has, in the novels of Kafka, material ideally suited to fantastic cinema. We are told that the coming of sound has made production so expensive that the day of the brilliant amateur is over. This seems reasonable enough, until we remember that Dr. Massingham's admirable *Tell Me if it Hurts* (lately shown at the Curzon) cost no more than £400. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Three Operas at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge

This enterprising theatre presents an original and well-varied selection of one-act operas, consisting of Vaughan Williams' *Riders to the Sea*, Weber's *Abu Hassan* and Mozart's *Impresario* (*Der Schauspieldirektor*). The Vaughan Williams work, though composed in 1927 and given at the Royal College of Music last December, receives here its first public performance. It is a word-for-word setting of the famous play of J. M. Synge about an old woman on the west coast of Ireland who has lost all her six sons to the implacable Atlantic. Though it has no plot, it is lifted into dignity and passion by the language, half Biblical, half authentically peasant, of the old mother's lamentations—as those who have seen Miss Allgood in the part will remember. Clearly the composer has set himself an unusually difficult task. No one sensitive of the beauty of words (and Vaughan Williams has often demonstrated his possession of that sensitivity) would think of constructing upon this text an opera in the continuously symphonic style. These words must be allowed to speak for themselves, and the composer shows his judgment by the use of a very small orchestra and a vocal line nearer to recitative than to melody. All his tact however cannot save the opening scenes from making an artificial impression: such lines as "Where is she?" "She's lying down, God help her, and maybe sleeping, if she's able" which, on the lips of an Irish actress, create at once the sense of atmosphere and foreboding, sound, when uttered to Vaughan Williams' notes by an English opera-singer, like a piece of clumsy translated recitative. The uneasy impression persists through the first half of the opera and could not, we think, be dissipated by more accomplished performers; it is not until the voice of the keening women is heard off-stage, and Maurya breaks into the slow, pulsing rhythm of her final lament that the musician fully justifies his part. From here to the end Vaughan Williams conveys the woman's resigned grief with consummate art and in a simple style which recalls the song "Is my team ploughing?" in the *Wenlock Edge* cycle. Miss Olive Hall was perfectly in character, though a contralto with a stronger lower register could have made more effect. After this we had the perky little Weber *singspiel* in a neat new version by Mr. Winton Dean which deserved clearer enunciation than it got. Miss Field-Hyde was delightful in a burlesque tragedy *aria;* and in the Mozart work which followed she showed her versatility by impersonating the more sprightly of the two prima donnas who show off in turns to the distracted impresario. The little *pièce d'occasion* belongs to Mozart's maturity, as we soon discover from the delightful overture and the pathetic aria given to the other lady: here Miss Naylor, clearly not in her best voice, was inclined to excessive burlesque, a fault which also slightly marred the great *trio*, which might for its wit and variety almost come out of *Figaro*. Otherwise, the delightful little work went capitally in Eric Blom's version; Mr. Morgan Jones displayed a happier sense of comedy here than in the Weber, and Mr. Boris Ord was more successful in getting unanimity out of his orchestra. But this production of *The Impresario* had already been seen last summer in Cambridge, and it is good news that it is to be given several performances at Sadler's Wells next month. No Mozartian should miss it.

"Mary Goes to See," at the Haymarket

Dame Marie Tempest belongs to the generation known for its fine morale. This power, due to morale, of getting away with anything is to those who do not possess it almost hypnotic: it is almost impossible to see where the *supplice* ends and the *tour de force* begins. On the first night of *Mary Goes to See* Dame Marie acted in front of Queen Mary; on the second night she hurt her ankle on the way to the theatre and acted in a bootee. Her palpable heroism, the degree of art with which she distracted attention from her hurt encumbered foot up to her gestures and face, so that her acting lost none of its quick, clipped character, deserved to disarm criticism, and did. But how claustrophobic her kind of acting is, with its repeated delimitation of one character. The play fulfilled its function by providing a setting for Dame Marie's wolfish smile, the delicate ferocity with which she eats on the stage, her feather-light touches on emotional wounds, her cynical soundness of heart (or gift of portraying this) and her touch of the queen-mother. *Mary Goes to See* adds one more to the galaxy of West End plays in which we see already dead dogs kicked. This time, the kick at New England uplift is light but telling, in spite of the bootee. The debunking of Mary's American sister-in-law went off exceedingly well, and a laugh was enjoyed by all. *Mary Goes to See* is an adequate domestic comedy, in a New England setting, with a foreseeable end. There is little reason to spend three hours at it unless one wishes to see Dame Marie Tempest. Mary comes over from England to see what is the matter with her brother Stephen, and sees that what is the matter is his wife. She rescues her niece and nephew from a false domination, and backs up a putative nephew-in-law. The pickled pine country-house lounge in which this occurs seems to belong to Sussex rather than to New England—though there is, through the french window, a view of the Sound. "Sound?" snaps Dame Marie. "What sound? I don't hear anything." In fact, she is the intact character. Such people are not possible—which is why Dame Marie is such a draw. Plays such as this gain much from their sterling air of *physical* unreality. Windows are carefully flooded with electric sunlight, or lamps are lit to denote the after-dinner period: throughout all, a strong, steady light beats up from the footlights, masking all faces evenly, making all moods, seasons, hours just the same.

"Black Swans," at the Apollo

The vagaries of the Summers family make rather a storm in a tea-cup, but it is an amusing storm while it lasts. One's sympathy goes to Guy Willoughby, the cause of all the difficulty, for the tradition of interference, which seems to be some families' right, is exercised by the Summers to the full, and it was hardly surprising that he reacted from Ruth to the more understanding temperament of his secretary Louise. Mr. Richard Bird gives a nice retrieverish flavour to the harassed Guy, and Miss Sophie Stewart is delightful as Ruth, whether she is being the outraged or the forgiving wife. Miss Marjorie Stewart, a new-comer of great attraction, draws a convincing portrait of a secretary who knows her own mind as well as her body, and has a particular gift for seeming natural. There are good sketches of a Blimpish brother by Mr. Roger Maxwell, an exacting faddist by Miss Hilary Eaves and an eruditionist by Mr. Charles Lefeaux. The production has some loose ends, but there are plenty of amusing scenes and lines. Good entertainment for your business friends.

"Awake and Sing" by the Stage Society.

This play by Mr. Clifford Odets is much more interesting than most plays that are put on, but it is less remarkable than its very high reputation would suggest. We are shown a Jewish family living in the Bronx: the boy and girl of the younger generation revolt against the squalor, physical and moral, of their environment. The mother believes only in material success, helped by her brother, a prosperous dress-manufacturer who sweats his employees. The father is an ineffective eccentric door-mat (a character straight out of Chehov). The grandfather, materially a failure, is a noble character inspired by Marx and the Hebrew Scriptures, horrified, and bullied, by his vulgar offspring. He ends the play happily by killing himself and leaving to his grandson the insurance-money that will enable him to leave home and rebuild the world The girl in the play begins with a pregnancy, to cover which she marries a deluded immigrant She ends by going off, a Nora, without nobility, to live her own life, among the orange-groves, with an enigmatic character who lost a leg

in the war. And this is the play's gravest flaw. A cynical playwright might say: "Such things happen," but Mr. Odets is frankly high-minded. The play is, in the best sense, propagandist—an assault on the profit-system which corrupts the soul and debases the body. We are glad of a propagandist play in which the characters are not all snow-white or jet-black, but Mr. Odets' attitude to this girl is too ambiguous. Presumably we are intended to feel that the Bronx is so monstrous that any escape from it is justifiable. The production was good, if one considers the difficulties. Most of the actors seemed to be transatlantic and they all acted very well. Unluckily the mother—the most important part—was miscast; Miss Amy Veness gave a spirited performance, but she lacked the forceful Jewish exuberance which was essential. Mr. Julian Somers made the grandfather very impressive. Miss Joan Miller was quite admirable as the girl. Mr. Robert Christie (in his quieter moments), Mr. Joe Hayman in an easy part, Mr Basil Langton in a difficult one, Mr. William Mendrek and the rest of the cast were all excellent. The effect of the play suffered slightly from the spaciousness of the sitting-room in which the action passed. But the Stage Society is once more to be thanked for showing us a play well worth seeing.

Hubert Robert at Wildensteins.

The twenty-seven paintings in this exhibition, the work of a delightful minor artist, are an interesting document in the history of Taste. Born in 1733, he studied in Italy for eleven years, returned to France, was imprisoned during the Terror, and survived until 1808. A pupil of Pannini, he was influenced by Fragonard, but remained a merely decorative artist. At worst, Robert's work is excellent scene-painting, but sometimes there is a delicacy suggesting that he had possibilities which his successful official career prevented him from realising. A small landscape in this show, *Paysage, Ile de France*, reminds us of Richard Wilson whom Robert may indeed have met in Rome and who was similarly haunted for the rest of his life by the beauty of the Roman scene, and the golden light of the Campagna. Hubert Robert's pictures are essentially picturesque: Roman ruins, hung with ivy and patched with thatch, belfries, castles, even half-timbered shacks, waterfalls, bridges made of rock, and elegiac trees are the chief materials. Dicing soldiers and nymphs occur, but he prefers hermits and, above all, washerwomen who lean over streams or hang up their linen with the elegance of *danseuses*; and sometimes the hermit is averting (or not averting) his eyes from a pretty tempter. Dogs and cats domesticate the scene, and the pictures are exactly calculated to please the late eighteenth-century connoisseur who liked to sigh over the dilapidation of Rome, over the nobility of Rousseau's country-folk, and even (if he was very advanced) over the horrid fortresses of the Middle Ages. Hubert Robert, though not a great master, was an accomplished and tasteful artist, and this is a most enjoyable exhibition.

The French Painters of the Nineteenth Century at Rosenberg and Helft's

The ten here represented are Cézanne, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Boudin, Courbet, Corot, Delacroix and Ingres. London is shown for the first time Cézanne's picture of the house at Bellevue belonging to his brother-in-law, the spot from which so many views of the noble Mountain were painted. More beautiful is a small Still Life, subtly sumptuous in colour. A very delicate snow-scene of Paris represents Pissarro at his best (it dates from the end of his life); two rich and solid Courbets, the green one especially pleasing; a brilliant large conversation-piece by Manet (astonishingly solid though only a sketch); a delicious Renoir of the early 'eighties—these are the outstanding pictures. But as we enjoy these Old Masters, we cannot help wondering how the twentieth-century Masters are going to pull through. Some patrons still honestly think they are doing their bit for "modern art" if they buy a Cézanne or a Gauguin. We can see these pictures at Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft's because Manet had a private income, because Cézanne's father left 120,000 francs, because Corot received a pittance before he struck a vein of feather-duster gold, because Pissarro was willing to live on the edge of starvation and to waste his time rushing round Paris to find buyers for his pictures at twenty-five francs apiece. The old lions, Picasso, Bonnard, Matisse, are no doubt prosperous, but what about the young? We cannot look forward to any golden eggs if the geese are not kept alive. Such important dealers as Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft must have some painters aged less than fifty up their sleeve; may we hope soon to be shown them?

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 25th—
- Isabel Brown on "The Defence of Justice," 32 Paternoster Row, 7.
- Dr. Har Dayal on "Gandhi's Philosophy of Life," Caxton Hall, 8.15.
- "Surprise Item," Ambassadors.

SUNDAY, February 27th—
- Prof. G. E. G. Catlin on "Ends and Means," Conway Hall, 11.
- Freda Utley on "Japan and China," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- Meeting in support of China. Speakers: Wilfred Roberts, Victor Gollancz, Rev. J. Putteril, Prof. Liang Yuan-li. East Ham Town Hall, 8.
- J. D. Bernal on "Science and War," 86 Rochester Row, 8.
- Film: "The Flight to the North Pole," introduced by H. P. Smolka. Cambridge Theatre, 8.15. Tickets from S.C.R.
- "No More Music," production by London International Theatre Club, Duke of York's, 8.15. And on March 6th and 13th.

MONDAY, February 28th—
- London Labour Party, Protest Meeting against Government's Foreign Policy, Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
- "Invented Gods," Embassy.

TUESDAY, March 1st—
- Alfred Jacob on "My Two Years in Spain," Friends House, 1.20.
- Sir John Russell on "South Russia," Queen Mary College, 5.30.
- Sir Frederick Whyte on "The United States in World Affairs," Dartmouth House, 37 Charles Street, 6.
- A. G. Cerisier-Duvernoy on "Paris," Morley College, 8.

THURSDAY, March 3rd—
- Committee against Malnutrition Public Meeting: "Truth of National Fitness," Royal Society of Arts, 8.
- Freda White on "Spain," Bethnal Green Public Library, 8.30.
- Dr. Denis Carroll on "The Future of Penology," Caxton Hall, 8.30.

FRIDAY, March 4th—
- Cabaret Dance in aid of the Basque Children in England, New Burlington Galleries, 8. Tickets, 3s. 6d., from 53 Marsham Street.
- Arts Peace Campaign Dance and Cabaret for Chinese Medical Aid, Paramount Ballroom, Tottenham Court Road, 9. Tickets from 30 Woburn Square.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is strange to remember that the future used to look so rosy. It was as unusual for educated people not to believe in a state of ultimate happiness for the human race as for Christians not to believe in a state of bliss in the next world. During the years when Lord H. was going on inconclusive peace missions to Berlin, and the eight battleships, for which our patriotic newspapers refused to wait, were being built, the " world war " stole on us as unexpectedly as a man's boot descends on an anthill. Now we look at the crescents of vast hangars that have risen all over England in the lonely flat fields which until two years ago had always been roots or corn, and feel like ants listening to the thudding of approaching footfalls. The ants are running about, in considerable confusion this week, some trying to buy off their enemies with offers of squeezed-out honey-dew, while others are beginning to look for safe places in which to hide their precious things. Already one sees them hurrying about with bundles of stocks and shares which will not be of much value when the enterprises of which they are tokens have been destroyed. There must be something better worth saving. Mr. H. G. Wells knows what it is, and in *World Brain* (Methuen, 3*s.* 6*d.*) publishes the collection of urgent speeches to learned bodies and broadcasts which he has made during 1937. The title is so unattractive that some sensitive people may recoil from opening the book. But all educated people ought to read it, for what Mr. Wells has to say is extremely important. Quite apart from any immediate menace of war, his suggestions, or something very like them, ought to be carried out, and I believe they might easily be correlated with such existing organisations as the Central Library for Students and the Carnegie libraries.

* * *

Microfilms can now be made at a trivial cost of all important documents. They weigh very little, cost very little to send by post, can be stored in safe places all over the world and read by anyone with a cheap projector. For a quite trivial sum it would be easy to avoid any risk of losing through war that part of the heritage of mankind which is represented by great collections of documents. The British Museum is making microfilms of all its books published before 1550. This adaptation of photography would greatly assist Mr. Wells's proposal for what he calls a " World Encyclopaedia."

> . . . not a row of volumes printed and published once for all, but a sort of mental clearing house for the mind, a depot where knowledge and ideas are received, sorted, summarised, digested, clarified, and compared. It would be in continual correspondence with every university, every research institution, every competent discussion, every survey, every statistical bureau in the world.

There is no reason why it should be localised: it could work just as well from widely separated centres. It would have in continuous publication and revision a standard encyclopaedia of thirty or forty volumes which would go out to all schools, colleges, government departments, newspaper offices. It would ensure that all the facts which are known should be *collated*, and be available for immediate practical use. What would be the result of this immense fountain of *paperasseries;* this pipe-dream of a Bouvard and Pécuchet, afflicted with megalomania? For into such terms I can hear my readers translating my eager advocacy of Mr. Wells's *World Brain.*

* * *

The belief in the purifying influence of knowledge *qua* knowledge underlies Mr. Wells's suggestion. While, contemplating disaster, Aldous Huxley discusses states of mind, and bids the human race find salvation by something very like prayer, Mr. Wells returns to the aims of *The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*

> . . . surely about a great number of things upon which we differ there is exact knowledge? So that we ought not to differ on these things. This is true not merely about small matters in dispute but about vitally important things concerning our business, our money, our political outlook, our health, the general conduct of our lives. We are guessing when we might know. The facts are there but we don't know them completely.

Mr. Wells was struck by the inadequacy of " the Brain Trust " who were called in to advise President Roosevelt. Like everyone who has received education in science he has felt the need of collating research work carried on in different fields but which is in reality closely connected.

> The immense effect of Diderot's effort in establishing the frame of the progressive world of the nineteenth century is certainly the inspiration of this new idea.

I am doubtful about the influence of the encyclopaedia outside the English-speaking world. No doubt it would be used extensively in France and Latin America, indeed wherever it was not banned, as we must assume large parts of it would be in Germany, Russia, and Italy. In the English-speaking world the influence on the general level of culture would, I think, be enormous. It would provide an insurance not only against such risks as would follow the destruction of the large towns of England, but against the greater danger of affairs being handed over to the quack and the charlatan. It would put educated people and intellectual workers of every sort on an equality all over America and the Empire. It would be of immense value to people living in distant parts of the world. Every research worker in Australia or South Africa at present labours under a great disadvantage. And it would hasten an intellectual drawing together of England and the United States. In an admirable broadcast *The English-speaking world as I see it*, Mr. Wells discusses how best to overcome the immense illiteracy of England and America, where most of the inhabitants draw all their information from newspapers and do not read books because they cannot get them. He suggests that book postage should be made a public service, not a source of revenue, and that there should be an immense increase of bibliographies of every sort.

* * *

There is a good deal in such a short book—only 130 pages—which will put people's backs up. Mr. Wells is like the boxer who hits some of the spectators. In this volume he knocks out all the English universities, the Bible, and rather unexpectedly the Jewish patriarchs, all in the cause of the World Encyclopaedia. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing them get what they deserved, but they must feel rather surprised and hurt. The universities get it hot because they wear mediaeval robes at their ceremonies. Mr. Wells says it is symptomatic and that they are mediaeval. I should have thought it showed they shared his romantic love of richness.

In *Palestine In Proportion* Mr. Wells has a good whack at Christianity and Judaism. He explains how a study of the history of the world, particularly of Babylon, has made it clear to him that nothing of any importance ever started in Palestine, that Solomon's Temple was no bigger than a barn, and that those gigantic figures of his boyhood Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, have lost their cosmic importance altogether. " I want to get them and Palestine out of the way so that our children shall start with a better perspective of the world." It seems the wrong place for this. For it would be a thousand pities if anybody with a university degree, say a doctor of music, with a very lovely gown, or someone who exaggerates the importance of Moses, were to be put off the extraordinarily necessary work which Mr. Wells has outlined. His paper on the informative content of education is extremely sensible, though I think he rather overvalues the benefit of generalisations and undervalues the educational effect of learning some things thoroughly. One learns more from dissecting a cockroach, a worm and a rabbit, than from listening to a course of lectures on comparative anatomy. I suggest the same is true in history, and that the " border bickerings " of England, France and Scotland may teach one as much about mankind as a generalised view of the succeeding epochs of king, priest, farmer, and warrior. And perhaps that criticism shows there is a limit to what we may hope from the World Encyclopaedia.

DAVID GARNETT

FABER AND FABER NEW BOOKS

My House in Malaga
SIR PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL

★ Sir Peter, late Secretary of the Zoo, and now candidate for the Scottish Universities by-election, lived in Spain until his arrest at the fall of Malaga. He tells the whole breathless story in perhaps the truest picture of the Spanish tragedy we may get. 'A keen observer—rich in human interest.'—*Times Lit. Supp.* 8s. 6d.

Trials in Burma
MAURICE COLLIS

★ 'Absolutely first-rate—a style so fine-trained that it moves like an athlete at the games of Greece. But his subject is not a game, it is a gravamen against British Government.'—*Observer.* 'Brilliant—an extraordinarily vivid account of this troubled period.'—*Daily Mail.* 'Masterly—humour and a brilliant gift for narrative.'—*Glasgow Herald* 8s. 6d.

Alone Through the Forbidden Land
GUSTAV KRIST

★ Our first reader reports: 'There is not a dull or wasted word in this admirable book. I have been reviewing travel books for the last six years (for the *T.L.S.*, *Observer*, *Listener*, etc.), and I have no hesitation in saying that this is one of *the most enthralling I have ever read.*' *With 72 photographs.* **Coming March 3.** 12s. 6d.

New Frontiers of the Mind
J. B. RHINE

☛ 'A place for this book may be claimed not too far from *The Origin of Species*. Darwin's work changed man's view of his physical nature. Dr. Rhine's may change man's view of his mind.'—*Time and Tide.* Picked by the *Bookseller* as the dark horse of the entire spring publishing season. *Illustrated.* 7s. 6d.

African Genesis
LEO FROBENIUS & D. FOX

★ A collection of fascinating legends current among the Berbers, the Sudanese and the Rhodesians. As entertainment or as anthropology they are not to be beaten. 'Rank among the great folk-tales of the world.'—*The Times. Illustrated.* 12s. 6d.

The Youngest Disciple
EDWARD THOMPSON

★ A novel such as only Mr. Thompson could give us. 'We are carried through the lovely landscapes of India nearly three thousand years ago, in the footsteps of the Lord Buddha.'—*Times Lit. Supp.* 'He can write exquisitely.'—*Daily Telegraph.* 7s. 6d.

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★ An imaginary rising which begins in Liverpool and spreads to the mountains of North Wales. This is an unforgettable book—a spiritual exploration and a story of action. One of the most significant novels we have published. 8s. 6d.

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RICHARD HULL

★ A new mystery by the author of *The Murder of My Aunt*. 'Mr. Hull has pulled off an excellent invention . . . an ingenuity amounting almost to virtuosity in presenting his material—first-rate.'—*Times Lit. Supp.* 7s. 6d.

The Story of the Growth of Nursing
AGNES PAVEY, S.R.N.

★ Nursing from its beginnings in the ancient world to its complex modern developments: the changes are shown in relation to contemporary social conditions and historical events. 'A very interesting book.'—DR. HARRY ROBERTS, *New Statesman.* 15s.

Foreword by **SIR JOHN WEIR, K.C.V.O.**

NEW NOVELS

The Rains Came. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Swiss Sonata. By GWETHALYN GRAHAM. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Bidden to the Feast. By JACK JONES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

To put it as shortly and straightforwardly as possible, Mr. Bromfield's new novel is better than one might have expected. I have no intention of aspersing the author's talents, but his work is familiar, and competence and sanity, rather than anything more exciting, were the attributes that one might have been led to anticipate. Instead, *The Rains Came* is, in many respects, the kind of book that these doubly endless American historical novels try to be. It has the necessary documentary element, made "romantic" enough to interest almost anyone, and yet it is not simply facts plus "romance," ingeniously served together. It is more than this because it is a best-seller with an intelligent point of view, in which the author's intelligence has not been even once seduced by his salesmanship. Mr. Bromfield's novel is enormous. It must be nearly three times the ordinary length, and yet new characters are being introduced, successfully, half way through. The setting is a quasi-independent principality in India; the theme is the struggle to govern it well, and the characters include the Americans, English, Scottish and educated Indians who help the reigning family in this struggle. The climax of the story is the outbreak of cholera and typhus which is brought on by the floods. The first part of the book was written in India, and Mr. Bromfield's portraits of individual Indians are excellent. In order to convey the quality, and particular savour of the novel, it would be best, with such a generous cast, to choose one figure and deal with him in some detail. The governing class in Ranchipur consists of the Palace; the Europeans, and certain Indian doctors and administrators with a Western education. Among the last is rich Mr. Bannerjee, an Oxonian, and the Maharajah's chief librarian: apart from the royalty, he dominates Ranchipur society, even refusing to invite most of the local white people.

> Ever since Mr. Bannerjee had come to Ranchipur, thirteen years before, the old Maharajah had cherished the illusion that at Mr. Bannerjee's the State guests could obtain a glimpse of real Indian life, although what one found there was neither Indian nor European but simply Mr. Bannerjee's somewhat fantastic idea of what a fast party was like in Park Lane in the time of Edward the Seventh. . . . only someone with an all-seeing eye could have believed that Mr. Bannerjee, debonair and a little arrogant, passing out cocktails at a tennis party and talking about the theatre in London and the races in Paris, was the same man who in the early morning crept out from the octagonal house into the maze of ramshackle buildings at the far end of the compound to cut the throat of a goat before a small and monstrous statue. . . .

An earthquake, and following floods, come in the middle of one of Mr. Bannerjee's smartest dinner parties. His old father dies of shock, and one of the more surprising scenes is where the guests, white, brown and bejewelled, but all of them huddled, wet and dangerously marooned, want to use a spirit lamp to make something hot to drink. They find that their host has used all the alcohol to burn up his father, on the roof. One of Mr. Bromfield's virtues is that he never allows his admirably described wholesale catastrophes, drowning and plague, to outweigh such problems as how Miss Hodge, the schoolmistress, is going to get Lady Heston to tea. He has evidently watched, avidly, a community that is trying to rid itself of British, and priestly, tyranny: his Brahmin doctor and Muslim police chief are Congress types, and he is on their side. And if, as I think, he is inclined to make his worthy characters a little too worthy, and his bad too bad, he seldom loses sight of the small word, or the inconsiderable action, which nearly always conditions tragedy, and comedy, in everyday life. Because it is too broad rather than too long, I have given only the keynote of the story, but I would like to end by recommending it highly to those who feel that they want something which is simultaneously huge, informative, serious and really entertaining.

Swiss Sonata is, roughly, about nationalism at an expensive, good, cosmopolitan finishing-school for girls near Lausanne. The author has plainly had an unusually comprehensive education herself, and because of this, doubts are already being expressed as to whether she is the "young" first novelist that the publishers advertise. The predilection she displays, however, for quotation capping, and the concatenation of deaths, departures and depressions with which the volume closes would seem to do something towards proving their claim. Nevertheless, young or old, the point is that Miss Graham has achieved a novel which is original, occasionally inspired, and almost consistently amusing. And if the finale sounded saddening, it somehow isn't. The most real and complete, though not the central, personality is that of Mlle. Tourain, the elderly, imposing and idealistic headmistress: the reason for this is perhaps because the author has made her force alone a muddled force. Her secret wish is to go away and write Swiss history, and meanwhile she finds herself unable to convert her pupils to the friendly, cultivated internationalism that she believes in, and exemplifies. She makes a moving appeal to the staff:

> . . . we and we alone are granted the opportunity to work changes in the lives of other people, before change of any sort becomes impossible. . . . You think of this school as an isolated place in which there is no real *living*, as we understand the word. . . . I am trying to make you see that what we are up against here is not exceptional, is not merely an undesirable . . . manifestation of adolescent instability . . . but life itself.

Yet, here she is talking to the girls, some of whom are over twenty, at lunch:

> They met in a wood, each man bringing six others with him, making twenty-one altogether, and that was the beginning of Swiss Independence.

One of the school's troubles is that many of the girls are simply dumped there, for several years, by irresponsible parents. Mlle. Tourain is particularly baffled by a Canadian girl, Vicky, for whose ears the confidences of the whole establishment are exclusively reserved. Vicky is the pivot of the book, and this is to be regretted, because Vicky is a little too good to be true. One suspects that her room was on the third floor back, and I am afraid that the school is at its best when Vicky is not there to calm the astonishingly absorbing quarrels. Truda, the Nazi from Essen, for example, is an alarmingly believable young bully. Uneven, in fact, though it may be, the novel has considerable qualities; subject, freshness, much feeling, and a share of wit. As novels go, this is a lot.

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> Behind them, in from where they have fled, a succession of dull pounces, like the beating of a huge understrung drum distant . . . .

The cramped, yet rapid, menace in this is very well done. A variety of things stay in the mind after reading the book: the rotting heels of the pit horses; the countless, full chapels, defiantly fostering a national religion. The richness of Welsh musical history. Above all, the scene in the great emporium which the Cheap Jack brings at intervals to Merthyr. It consists of a vast tent with a dais at one end from which he undercuts all the local shops. Radiating from him are runways, along which his assistants bring what is bought to the crowd. These men were "tenor, bass-baritone, and 'comic,' respectively," and the sale of "anti-cholera" lozenges, clocks, food and clothes is mixed with a music-hall performance. In these pages, Mr. Jones has accomplished a remarkable and valuable evocation of Victorian life.

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Psychology Down the Ages. By Professor C. SPEARMAN. *Macmillan*. 2 vols. 30s.

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Special claims are made for special departments of psychology. For psycho-analysis, for example, which renders accessible the hidden faculties of the unconscious; or for intelligence training, which enlarges the powers of the mind. Or for conditioning, as witness the following quotation from Professor Spearman: "One of the best known and most advanced exponents of psychology told to an overflowing audience in New York that his procedure could cure all imperfections and eliminate all perversities of human nature; this cure-all consisted in submitting young enough infants to what has been entitled psychological 'conditioning.'"

So much for pretensions; what of achievement? The chief among the many merits of Professor Spearman's book is that, while enabling us to realise how small the achievement is, it establishes conclusively that there nevertheless is achievement. The book has a double purpose. It is in the first place a history of psychology, in the second, an account of its present condition. So far as relates to the history of the subject, Professor Spearman confines himself to those theories and experiments which, whether for good or evil, "have broken new ground," while the account of contemporary psychology is mainly concerned to indicate in what respects psychology has acquired knowledge which "goes beyond the confines of common sense," has in fact discovered things which everybody does not already know.

Let me here pay tribute to the merits of Professor Spearman's book. It is comprehensive in scope, straightforward in manner—intended for the intelligent layman, it never introduces a technical word without first explaining the sense in which it is used—and so clearly and easily written that, for all that it is a text book, the reading of it is never a task and often a pleasure. Professor Spearman is so completely master of his subject that he can afford to be at play with it. He makes the study of psychology so clear and simple a matter, that it is only when one remembers other text books on the subject that one realises, by contrast, the nature of the achievement that the clarity of presentation, the simplicity of style, entail. The book is likely to become a standard work on the subject; it is a psychological classic.

Broadly, Professor Spearman's method is as follows. Each of the main subjects of psychological discussion is considered in turn, the subject matter of psychology, its methods, the nature of intelligence, of perception, of emotion, the notion of the self, the concept of mental unity. Professor Spearman gives an historical retrospect of the main theories which psychologists have entertained in regard to the subject in question, proceeds to a survey of the present state of psychological opinion, and concludes by throwing in a few exceedingly illuminating comments indicating his own view. The second volume contains a formal, modern treatment of the same themes.

Let me try to illustrate my two generalisations: first, that the achievement of psychology is small. That psychology is a chaos of warring schools, who confidently close doors on open questions and supply the place of knowledge by converting their conjectures into dogmas, is sufficiently well-known. To read Professor Spearman's book is to acquaint oneself with the extent of psychological disagreements. There is no agreement, for example, as to the scope, the subject matter, or the methods of psychology. Is psychology the science of mind, of the soul, of consciousness, or of

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personality? Should it proceed by the method of introspection, of reflection, of experiment, of observation, or by all of these? Professor Spearman quotes from a collected volume entitled *The Psychologies of* 1930, in which ten warring schools are listed, ten brands of psychology, each of which "claims to preach the sole great truth."

What will perhaps occasion more surprise than the reflection that all psychological questions are open is the demonstration that practically none is new. Almost all, it would seem, were discussed in Aristotle. Aristotle delimited three main subjects of psychological enquiry, sense perception, emotion and desire, and, in a smaller degree, intellect or thought. Professor Spearman's retrospect shows how, down to the present day, these three have remained the main topics of discussion. New methods have, however, been enlisted for their study. In addition to common sense, observation and introspection, there are now induction, experiment and mathematics.

As with the topics, so with the controversies. Is there a self, and if so, how do we come to have knowledge of it? Can experience be cut up without falsification into a set of capacities or propensities? Should we begin with the study of the whole personality and proceed to an analysis of the parts, or should we begin by cataloguing the parts in order to determine the nature of the whole? These have been the subjects of controversy in the past, and they are still the subjects of controversies to-day.

Professor Spearman's own views avoid the warring extremes. He endeavours where possible to incorporate into a single view elements taken from each of two rival schools. Thus to the question, should wholes or parts be first studied, he answers in effect, neither, but something intermediate. Suppose, he says, you are looking at a picture. You begin with a vague momentary impression of the whole; then concentrate upon a particular prominent feature, then turn to other such features, and finally work up again to the whole as a whole. The physicist studying a piece of matter follows a similar procedure; and the psychologist, he suggests, should do the same. As regards my second generalisation, the book clearly shows that psychology has achieved something, although at present it is a very modest something. Do we, for example, know the self, or do we not? The question has been endlessly debated. Now a method of introspective technique has been invented which proves the existence of self-knowledge by the same sort of experimental methods as those which have been successful in the other sciences.

As a result, the self is revealed "as given in immediate awareness" as a "bare entity acting in some way." "It is from moment to moment a 'persistent,' 'always the same self.'" This no doubt is almost precisely what common sense would have maintained without the experiments. Still, it is nice to know. It is also pleasant to recall that much of the experimental work that has led to this very satisfactory piece of psychological *knowledge* has been done under Professor Aveling at the University of London.

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Every historian, not least one of Professor Allen's quality, must write his own book in his own way. I myself regret that the analysis in his first volume stays so largely in the narrowest conception of the range of political ideas. I cannot help but think that these years could have been more fully illumined if, alongside the books and pamphlets Professor Allen analyses with such pungent accuracy, he had gone also to that noble mass of amorphous ideas the Calendar of State Papers. I could have wished, too, that he had traced the interrelation of political thought with economic fact in this epoch—a connection which is the clue to the whole story. It is that connection which alone explains the rise and fall of ideas. Professor Allen has set stern limits to his own speculations about the period. The result is the very valuable one of making us see, better than we have been able to see in any other book I know, what really was thought in this age. But I think that his method has somewhat prevented him from enabling us to know why it was thought, to find, as it were, the clue to the startling changes that we encounter in his pages. The impact of events on thought is fundamental to its understanding. Professor Allen leaves the reader, I believe unwisely, to supply his own clue.

But what is here is of the first quality. Whatever Professor Allen says, he has good reason for saying, and even on well-trodden ground, as when he writes of Coke, of Bacon, of the Puritan idea, of Chillingworth, or of Prynne, he has seen his material with fresh insight. Everyone, indeed, who has covered this ground will perhaps see particular points with a nuance slightly different from his. I think more highly of Fitzherbert; I should have noted how much of Pym's approach is characteristic of the parliamentary fighter building up a party; I see immense energy in Prynne, but, also, a third-rate mind; I suspect that the *Lex Rex* of Samuel Rutherford is an abler book than Professor Allen is inclined to admit. I should like to have brought out more how much of the speculation from 1603–1644 still shows

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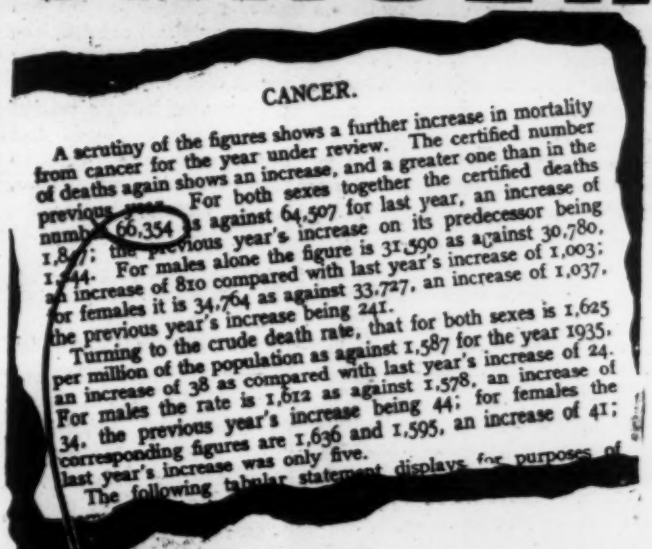

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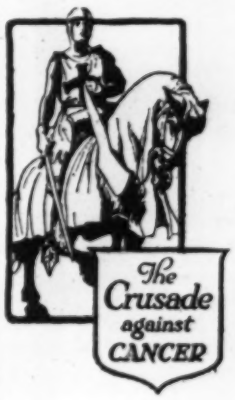

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an England that is steeped, for all its Englishry, in the traditions of a European Commonwealth. I should never, with great respect, use the adjective "great" of Filmer; his criticism of Hunton belongs to that type of logic which, as Mr. Chesterton once said, simply drives men mad.

But these are small points. The essential thing is that we have at last got a book on a great theme that is a delight to read and full of illumination. The wheel of circumstance has brought the seventeenth century nearer to us than it has been at any time since the Chartist epoch. There is no student but will await with eager interest the publication of Professor Allen's second volume. There he has material to discuss as profound and moving as any in our annals. This prelude gives us the right to hope that the treatment will be worthy of the theme. More, certainly, no one could expect.

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> Nulla sum, nullâ sum
> tota, tota occidi
> Cor metu mortuumst
> nescio unde auxili,
> praesidi, perfugi
> mi aut opum copiam
> Comparem aut expetam.

As he says, they sounded a note which did not reappear till the hymns of St. Ambrose. And yet he is not wholly convincing about Plautus. If, as he says, Plautus is like Shakespeare and Terence like Congreve, it is a Shakespeare who never wrote anything better than *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; nor do any of his translations, unfortunately nearly all given without the Latin suggest a Shakespearean note. "For the reader to turn from Plautus to Terence is as though one were to pass from a crowded market-place into a secluded churchyard," he says—yet it was from the churchyard there came that very Shakespearean motto

> Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.

The Catullus and Ovid chapters are remarkable for the ease with which the fascinating historical background is sketched in. His portrait of Catullus is interesting because devoid of hero-worship. He conjectures that the young man at Verona who fell in love with the aristocratic wife of the new Governor must have been an ardent but provincial figure, capable of being extremely exacting and tiresome when he followed her back to Rome. It is in fact a tragedy that what we know of Roman women, like what we know of Roman Emperors, should come entirely from their detractors, what Tacitus and Suetonius did for Tiberius, Catullus did for Lesbia, and Juvenal for the whole race. A faint line of demarcation separates the whores from the bitches—but what Clodia thought of Catullus, or the girls of the early empire of the bilious Juvenal, we shall never be told. Professor Wright makes it clear that Roman women of the upper classes enjoyed a great deal of liberty, including a kind of marriage by which they kept their property which was hardly more than an authorised living in sin. The more power and freedom they enjoyed, the more the moralist abused them, or attempted to reduce their political influence and standard of living. Ovid's crime, according to Professor Wright, was to manifest a genuine love and respect for women; he was pro-suffragette. The chapters on Catullus are spoilt by the pedestrian quality of the verse translations, which give no earnest that the original was a great poet, but they contain much about his private and political life, and the background which made it possible for him to devote his talent to florid Alexandrian imitations and violent party scurrility as well as to exquisite lyrics. The section on Ovid is the best, for Ovid loses very little in translation and as a writer is slipping into oblivion. Professor Wright props him up for another few years and has much to say on his extraordinary influence on English literature, Shakespeare most of all. All this is first-rate criticism. I have never liked Ovid because I have never especially appreciated in a poet metrical facility or narrative power, but Professor Wright's suggestions made me turn to our greatest translator of Latin, Dryden, to find his Ovid below the level of his Lucretius, but only to be haunted by lines so marvellously competent as these, which I print as a *sors ovidiana*, an oracle:

> In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd
> White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
> A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
> Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
> The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
> The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd
> And envied every leap he gave the herd.

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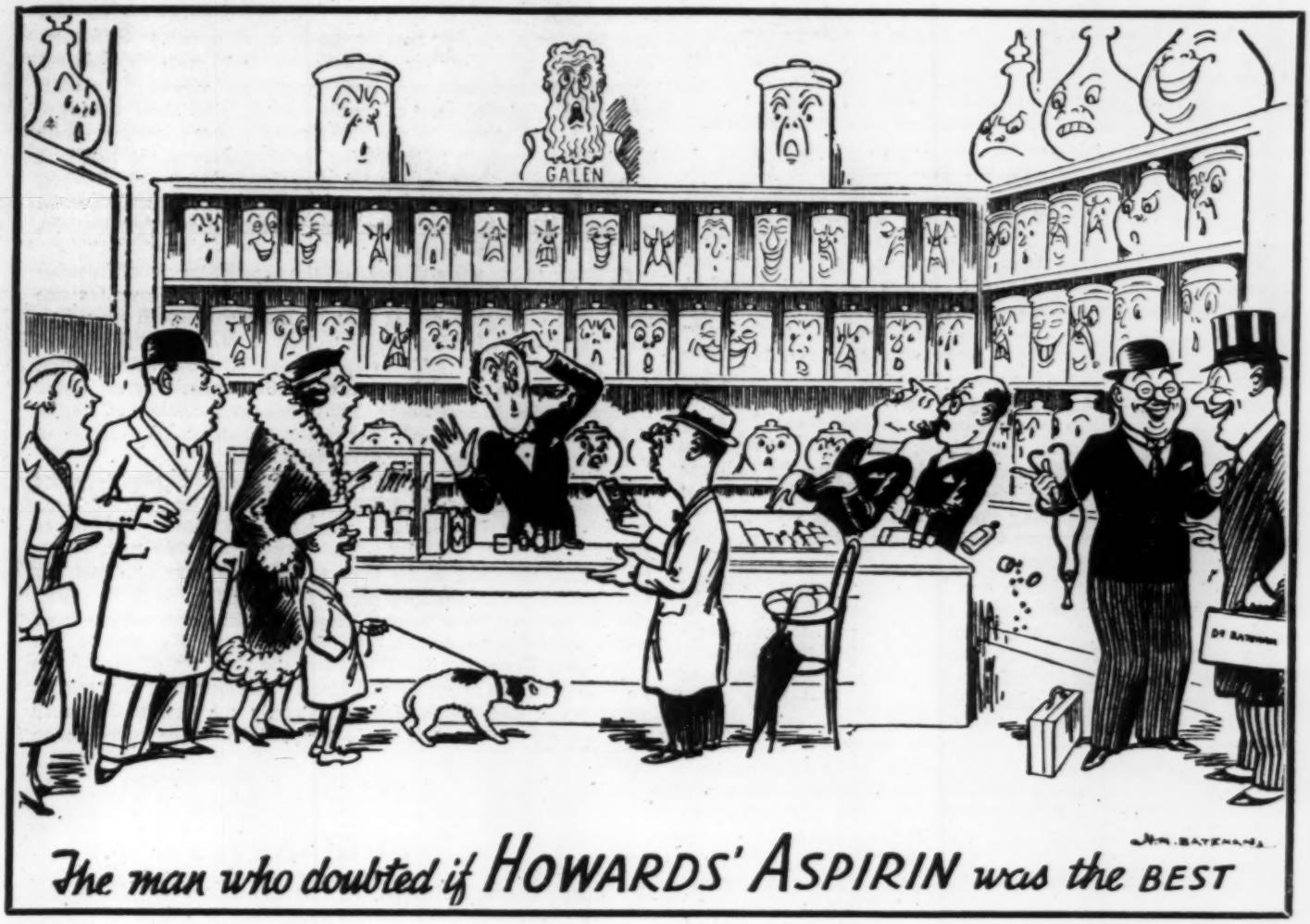

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A CULTURE IN DECLINE

Vienna. By EDWARD CRANKSHAW. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"Although the house where Mozart died no longer stands—and if it did, who in the world could bear to look at it?—there seems very little between us and his death." That sentence is typical of Mr. Crankshaw. He can simultaneously be informed, naive, embarrassing. He catches admirably the physical aspect of Vienna; a friendly reference to Nestroy offers hope of real spiritual comprehension; we overlook, in the same sentence, the fact that he seems to think Biedermeier was a person; and then the argument is obscured after all in a private fog or forgotten in the chatty elaboration of Austrian history.

This is a pity; for Mr. Crankshaw the enthusiast has obviously perceived much of what Mr. Crankshaw the analyst is unable to express. He perceives the outward forms of "that combination of German earnestness of feeling and Italian grace and sense of form which is the Austrian contribution to our world." Only when it comes to explaining, as in a book subtitled *The Image of a Culture in Decline* it must, the antagonism between what the Viennese have been and what in the history of civilisation they have stood for, when it comes to tracing under each success and each act of creation those fatal elements which have disarticulated the whole fabric, we are left unsatisfied.

He does however emphasise one important cause of decline: that the Austrian Empire moved without transition from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Its traditionalism, though it may have accounted for most of the charm beloved of foreigners, meant that Austria had to undergo the destructive influences of the last century without their corresponding advantages. She knew only the tyranny of the great banking houses, the urbanism of a new industrial class, the repression of liberal tendencies; above all, the absence of interplay between the new bourgeois forces and the rulers of the Empire. Since, though, the representative Austrian is both highly civilised and highly individual, the impossible constantly occurred. The great bankers were seldom the impersonal magnates of France and America; a popular Jew could be an important member of the Jockey Club; and the mass of Little Men was, perhaps, alone among such in Europe to regard cultivation of the spirit as a matter of course. Thus, until the War, the chance grew that, with the gradual supersession of an obsolete upper class, the real vigour of Austrian civilisation might be able to reassert itself. And then, abruptly, Austria found herself in the position of a large country estate bereft of all services. The maids, the shopkeepers, the suppliers of raw material were over one frontier, the engineers over another, the estate hands over a third; while the property was left to be run by a house-party of ruined and terrified peers, the chaplain, the lawyer, and the governess.

At Braunau, on a fourth frontier, the peculiar merits of Austrian civilisation are not apparent. Yet it did not take long for one prominent citizen to realise that at Berlin he would be ruling Germany from a foreign capital. And if Hitler has discovered that the very name of *pruzzos*—ironically, the *prudentes*—first occurs in a tenth century account of the Slav colonies on the Baltic by Ibrahim ibn Yakub, his anxiety to recover the centre of all that is honourably German, all that rejects the oafish ascendance of Prussia, becomes the more comprehensible.

Since, then, the very near future is likely to see the submergence of *Deutschtum* in a parvenu *Vierte Reich*, Mr. Crankshaw's study of its last phase is particularly poignant. His method has been to weave a digressive historical thread between the chief monuments of Vienna, stopping as he goes to evoke, always affectionately and not seldom in sensitive prose, a nostalgic present. I gather that he does not know much German, for the pages are peppered with small inaccuracies: *der* Zauberflöte, Kapuchiner for Kapuziner, Brandauer for Prandauer the architect of Melk. On page 49 there is a major French howler, and elsewhere that remark about bread and cake which was already a legend to Rousseau is once more attributed to Marie-Antoinette to make the peg of an argument.

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PUCCINI

Puccini Among Friends. By VINCENT SELIGMAN. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

There are people, said Bernard Shaw in an introductory note to his collected musical criticisms, to whom "dead prima donnas are more interesting than saints, and extinct tenors than mighty conquerors." The rest of the world should be warned that Mr. Seligman's is a book for such amiable enthusiasts; they alone will be able to swallow it whole. It consists principally of a selection from some 700 letters addressed to the author's mother by the composer during the last twenty years of his life; and Puccini was not in any sense a remarkable letter-writer. They are mostly humdrum, intimate odds and ends such as one likes to get from one's friends; they suggest the delightful character of the recipient, who was very fond of the man and adored his operas, but was not, it seems, a good enough musician herself to elicit much information concerning his tastes in music and methods of composition. But she frequently acted as his intermediary with the authorities at Covent Garden; and it is interesting to discover that, even in the days of Caruso, Melba and Destinn, he complained wryly of the "executions" he endured at that house owing to haphazard mounting and indifferent casting of the minor roles. What would he say now that the golden voices are dead and the happy-go-lucky traditions still in full swing?

The letters contain plenty of fresh evidence that he was a master of that prime requisite in the operatic composer—the art of bullying librettists. If only Weber, Schubert and Schumann had known as he did what they wanted, and as tyrannously insisted on getting it! His dramatic instinct was infallible and imperious, though in some respects he was the most modest of musicians. The impression left by this book is that of a warm-hearted, quick-tempered, somewhat melancholy man with an amiable weakness for nice clothes and fast motors. His quarrels were frequent, but mostly short-lived; the most notable being that with Signor Toscanini in 1919, caused by the latter's supposed dislike of the *Trittico:* for a time the maestro becomes Mr. *Pig* Toscanini (thereby joining a company which had at various times included Tito Ricordi, several journalists on the *Corriere della Sera*, house decorators, Sir Thomas Beecham, and the manager of the Fiat works). In a year or two they were on the best of terms again.

From the greatest misfortune of his life Puccini emerges well. In 1908 his insanely jealous wife hounded out of the house the

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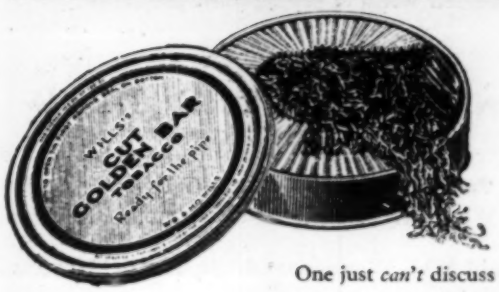

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devoted servant-girl, Doria, informing the entire village of Torre del Lago that she was guilty of immoral relations with her master. The demented girl poisoned herself and her relatives demanded a *post-mortem* examination, which proved her to be a virgin; they then brought a suit against Signora Puccini, who was condemned to a heavy fine and five months' imprisonment—a sentence subsequently commuted by the payment of a large sum. It is the sort of episode which occurs in many Italian novels of middle-class life, and it is easy to see what an appeal the quiet stability and mutual affection of the Seligman family must have made to the distracted composer. The Doria tragedy destroyed his peace of mind for years, and nearly destroyed his home for ever; but so unlike is life to fiction that Giacomo and Elvira Puccini attained together an old age of comparative happiness; and even the spectre of Doria was at last exorcised by the musician when, in his last opera *Turandot*, he turned her into the pathetic slave-girl Liù.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE DEFECTS OF NAZISM?

Germany: World Empire or World Revolution. By G. REIMANN. *Secker and Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is the policy of Nazism to present both to the German people and the outside world a solid front of all the social classes and economic interests welded into a single mass of enthusiastic action for the Leader and his State. Even those who regard Nazism as essentially a defence of Capitalism against Socialism and Communism are apt to dramatise excessively the nature of the conflict by overrating the solidarity of the respective forces. We are shown the Army, the landowners, the financiers, the industrialists in close agreement on a policy for keeping the workers, envisaged as a single body, in their proper place. Now Mr. Reimann, who has enjoyed a unique opportunity of studying the relations of these different classes and interests in the country from which he is now an exile, brings new light to bear upon the present and the probable future of Nazism from his acute analysis of the situation.

His opening chapters deal with the Military Power and its uneasy condition under National Socialism. The militarist Hitler Youth Organisations he finds full of antagonisms and devoid of the old fighting spirit, while the young officers of the regular forces are discontented with their strict discipline. Mr. Reimann thinks that "to-day morale is much weaker than in pre-war days and that it would, therefore, collapse much earlier than during the last world-war" (p. 44). This fact, or belief, influences the army leaders in their hostility to any political movement which might bring Germany into another prolonged war. More convincing is the evidence against the pretence that either for war or peace national self-sufficiency now or in the future is a possibility. Hitler's notion that by "tightening the belt" a long spell of rearmament on an increasing scale can be accomplished is shown to be fantastically false. The absorption of a growing proportion of raw materials, plant and labour in the armaments industries cures unemployment, but at the expense of lowering the general standard of working class and even middle-class life below the margin of efficiency and contentment. So we get back to the root issue of "morale." Can forcible discipline dispense with "morale"? Mr. Reimann is sure that it cannot.

Again, his examination of modern industrialism shows a widening rift between the capitalists in the arms and subsidiary industries, favoured by the State through subsidies and other financial preferences, and the ordinary industrialist subjected to increasing taxation, insufficiency of raw materials, and wage and price controls. For one of Mr. Reimann's most important criticisms is that no general "planning" system has been attempted by National Socialism, and that therefore the workers as well as the capitalists are divided into contented and discontented groups, the latter realising that their unprofitable or low-paid condition is due to State favours for the former groups. This state of affairs inevitably leads to corruption in the officials of the Nazi Party, and there is ample ground for the injurious comparison made between the stern honesty of pre-war officials and the loose morality of the present bureaucracy.

Trade Unionism has gone and is replaced by a sham representation nominated from above. But the widespread, though at present impotent, discontent of most workers is attended by a growth of underground illegal organisations, which, given such an opportunity as would be afforded by the general arming for another war, would form the nucleus of a popular revolution. Some of this reasoning is of the nature of skilled speculation, but it is accompanied by a large store of evidence drawn both from official and unofficial sources, and it gives to Mr. Reimann's book a great value for readers who realise the important part played by psychology in the new world of propagandist despotism.

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For the detective shelf, a good name is often a sound investment, like the bonds on the Stock Exchange of an international borrower which has never defaulted on its loans. But a good name is not *always* a safe guide—I shall never forget Agatha Christie's *The*

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The Advertisement Manager
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1

Big Four, neither do the Americans forget that England is not paying her war debt. Ellery Queen is an author who has never yet defaulted to his readers and one can therefore approach *The Devil to Pay* with the assurance of some return for one's money. The scene is Hollywood, whither Ellery has been lured by an invitation to write scenarios for a film company, only to find it impossible even to get into the presence of the chief of the scenario department. So instead of writing scenarios he solves the murder of Solly Spaeth, an unpleasant financier who is busy letting down the thousands of trusting investors in a Utility Company. Fortunately, the thousands of potential suspects are quickly reduced to a handful of leading figures, out of whom we have to select our murderer. Once we are aware that the murder has been committed by a contraption—by which I mean a complicated physical device of any sort—our task is comparatively easy, as we are not without clues. The only criticism to be made is against the inexplicable behaviour of one of the characters once a certain discovery had been made. Mr. Queen vaults over this difficulty in the *fracas* of his solution, but the loose end is not worthy of him, and *The Devil to Pay*, although a good story, is not one of the best Queens.

There is another contraption in *The Judas Window*, but there was never yet a Carter Dickson without a contraption. How else could his murders go on occurring in hermetically sealed rooms? Sir Henry Merrivale is at pains to tell us that this particular murder chamber, although the door was bolted and the windows locked, had a Judas window—indeed, that all rooms in such a state still have Judases—and the final explanation of this paradox is most ingenious and satisfactory. Yet the use made of this Judas by the murderer would have left me incredulous, if I had not seen that Torquemada claims he has proved it possible by actual experiment. Even so I doubt whether Torquemada could murder anyone in Carter Dickson fashion. At previous Carter Dicksons I have felt my eyebrows rising, but never so tentatively as over *The Judas Window*. I regard it as Mr. Dickson's masterpiece to date; while the spectacle of H. M. (one of the few detectives I can stomach—burn me!), in wig and gown defending injured innocence, is enough to make anyone chuckle.

Philip Macdonald is another good name; while away for four years in Hollywood he has been missed from the shelf. *The Nursemaid Who Disappeared* describes the wildly exciting chase after a gang of kidnappers by Colonel Gethryn. By any other author the story would proceed as a thriller, but Mr. Macdonald's style raises it out of that rut. Detection *pur sang*, it must be admitted, hardly figures, for the Colonel has only to keep his nose to the tortuous trail in order to lay the villains by the heels. But the surprises and the exquisite suspense compensate for the absence of any conundrum.

Mrs. Yates is a newcomer to the detective field and must not be judged as severely as the old stagers. Her first book, *The Hush-Hush Murders*, describes a trio of murders on a United States naval transport homeward bound from Shanghai; the hush-hush is imposed on the investigation of them because one of the murderees was carrying secret service documents. The story is told by the heroine, a nurse on the ship, who finally unmasks the villain by a most feminine piece of observation. Mrs. Yates rather overloads her plot with subsidiary detail and a plethora of characters—personally, I could do with less sentimental love interest—but *The Hush-Hush Murders* is not merely promising but a first-class performance.

"As soon as I had killed Monckham, I went straight round to Scotland Yard. It seemed to be the best background for an alibi." So begins *Scotland Yard Alibi*, and the killer of Monckham proceeds to describe how he committed the crime and set up his alibi; the only thing he does not give away is his name: for that you have to wait until the last page. The problem is a neat one of identification among the victims of Monckham's blackmailing activities. Mr. Betteridge is most skilful in the delicate task of playing fair by the reader while not exposing his self-confessed criminal; yet the task is beyond him. Only Mrs. Christie can baffle us under such a handicap. If he had quite succeeded, *Scotland Yard Alibi* would have been a masterpiece; as it is, Mr. Betteridge has played for the highest stakes and must be content with a consolation prize, for his fairness, his delightful, easy style and his unsuccessful ingenuity.

Mr. Richard Hull also deserves a prize for *Excellent Intentions*, which is a most readable novel packed with information about philately, but with hardly a vestige of detection. Here again we are admitted to the plot from an unusual angle. Someone is on trial for their life on a charge of murdering a disagreeable fellow by poisoning his snuff. But who it is, we are not supposed to guess until the judge sums up. A surprise which does not come off is worse than no surprise at all, and Mr. Hull would have been wiser to make his book a psychological novel about a crime, where his remarkable gift for character drawing would find full scope. The judge's own "excellent intention" is a genuine surprise, but it comes as a sly tail-piece instead of providing a core to the story.

The last five books on the list have merits of some sort, but not enough for lengthy comment. Mr. Connington has written better books than *Truth Comes Limping*, which is a cruelly accurate description of his plot. Oddly enough, he uses the same contraption as appears in *The Devil to Pay* and *The Judas Window*. Are detective writers tuned in to each other's bright ideas? *The Bluff* and *W.1* are both about English night-club life, and the murders that so often result from such a shady existence; both are sentimental and not in the least "tough." This is not America. Miss Marsh tells you all about the goings-on in artists' studios, if you didn't know before; her detective is in love with his mother and not ashamed to own it. Mr. Pendlebury is a projection of Mr. David Frome's Mr. Pinkerton in a higher social sphere: a lovable, little old man: love him if you can.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SHORTER NOTICE

China—Body and Soul. Edited by E. R. HUGHES. *Secker and Warburg*. 3*s*.

Most English people know that the men's pigtail and the little bound feet of the women are out of date symbols of Chinese society, but they have little positive knowledge of China except a vague notion that it is a country which has been civilised a long time and which has made the mistake of not having so good an army as the Japanese. It is worth while to try to fill this conspicuous gap; for a few who know China to explain to the rest of us why Chinese art and culture stand in their eyes for sanity and ordered loveliness in a mad and chaotic world. Mr. Hughes who has lived most of his life in China and who now lectures on Chinese philosophy and religion in China has selected his writers well. Laurence Binyon's tribute to the genius of Chinese painting is both exquisite and sincere. Miss Margery Fry has selected discerning tributes to Chinese art and architecture from the writings of Roger Fry,

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APOLLO. Black Swans. Tues. & Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. This Money Business. Th., Sa,.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed., Thurs., & Sat.

PALACE. Dodsworth. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. JAMES'S. The Innocent Party. Th., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.

SAVOY. Thank You, Mr. Pepys. Mon., Sat.

STRAND. Room Service. Thurs. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Land's End. Wed., Sat.

WHITEHALL. I Killed the Count. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

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A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

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by H. M. Harwood & Laurence Kirk.

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FLORA ROBSON in
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Final Performance March 5th.

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Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Mon., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN and W. P. LIPSCOMB in
THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30.
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"The Funniest Play of the Year."—*Daily Mail.*

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A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
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Alan Napier. Cathleen Nesbitt. Cecil Trouncer.
Seats bookable, 8/6, 4/6, 2/6. Vic. 0283.

THEATRES—continued

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whi. 6692.)
Evgs. 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel.

WYNHDAM'S. Tem. 3028.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sats., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET"
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

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The film for which a Special Prize was created.
"LA GRANDE ILLUSION" (A),
with Erich V. Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Dita Parlo & Pierre Fresney.

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MONDAY, FEB. 28th, FOR SEVEN DAYS.
SEASON OF RUSSIAN FILMS.
WE FROM KRONSTADT (A).
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Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
Weights and Measures. By Keith Winter.

HULL. **Little.**
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5. p.m.
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GRAND DANCE at Suffolk Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.1, Saturday, February 26th. Dancing, 8–1 a.m. Licensed bar. Soviet songs by well-known artiste. First-class band. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door.

COME to the DANCE in aid of the BASQUE CHILDREN, who will dance in their own CABARET at the New Burlington Galleries, W.1. Friday, March 4th, 8.0–1.0. Tickets, 3s. 6d., from 53 Marsham St., S.W.1 (Tel.: Vic. 2168), or at door. Principal Guest: GORDON HARKER.

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LITERARY

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 343

while from the contributions of Mr. Innes Jackson, Miss Eileen Power and Mr. Arthur Waley the initiated can grasp perhaps more quickly than in any other book, something of the essential quality of Chinese poetry, philosophy and story-telling. The political essays are also contributed by acknowledged authorities on the subjects though not in each case by people with intimate knowledge of China. Professor Gilbert Murray writes an introduction, Professor Laski on democracy and Sir Arthur Salter on the awakening nationalism of the Chinese people.

About Motoring

MORE ABOUT "SLICED" TYRES

In the middle of 1937 a small sensation was produced in this country by the publication in America of astounding figures alleged to have been registered in official brake tests of a new tyre with an unusual pattern of tread. Ever since the steel-studded tread died a merited death in this country, owing to its short life, its harshness, and its tendency to skid on hard, smooth surfaces, fashion in tyre treads has remained tolerably faithful to bold corrugations. The standard roadster tyre has always had a few knobbly projections, and for use in freak competitions over specially difficult surfaces these knobbles were exaggerated to a degree which proved fatal to comfort on good roads. The tyre treads credited with phenomenal braking efficiency in U.S.A. were of a diametrically opposite type, and designed to embody the maximum number of thin, sharp rubber edges, produced by moulding the rubber in an infinite number of fine gashes. They resembled approximately the kind of tread produced by the Pneugrippa process, which has been available and well advertised in Great Britain for a year or two, though the public were slow to adopt it. "Why," demanded the average user, "should I pay 3*s*. 6*d*. per cover to have rubber removed from a tyre for which I have just paid several pounds?" Considerable incredulity greeted the alleged American records, as they defied existing mechanical standards and shortened the braking distance on wet roads to figures far below those accepted as 100 per cent. efficiency by firms like Ferodo, who have analysed the mechanics of braking very exhaustively. The Dunlop company were naturally interested, and perhaps even nettled by these American claims. So they promptly took steps to secure duplicates of the record-breaking tyres, and tested them with great precision on their special track and machinery at Fort Dunlop. Their verdict is interesting, not to say devastating. The American tests were apparently carried out in rather amateurish fashion. For example, if a driver prepares two identical cars, fits them with two opposed types of tyres, drives both at 30 m.p.h., and applies the brakes of both at a signal post on the same road, he may conclude that his results are dependable. Actually, he has unconsciously admitted two very serious sources of error. The first concerns the speed of the car, and the second his personal "reaction period." We all know it is difficult to keep a car moving at precisely 30 m.p.h. on any surface, however perfect. The two test cars not "may" but "must" display slight variations in the accuracy of their respective speedometers, their gearing, their tyre diameter (which varies with inflation pressures) and so on. But an error as tiny as that between 28 m.p.h. and 32 m.p.h. introduces a discrepancy of several feet in the small distance required for a crash stop at normal speeds. The "reaction period" varies, as we all know, between a couple of drivers; but worse than that, it varies in one and the same driver on two successive tests; and this individual variation, even in an expert tester, may vary by as much as a quarter of a second on successive runs. And at 20 m.p.h. or 30 m.p.h. this quarter of a second amounts to a really disastrous figure when translated into terms of feet and distance. Hence the Dunlop people nowadays perform all such comparative tests with mechanical apparatus. Their machinery records with only microscopic possibilities of error or variation the exact moment of brake application, the exact speed of the vehicle, and the exact distance required to come to a complete stop. Hence they are able to affirm beyond all fear of contradiction that their results are dependable.

So far as braking is concerned, they state that their present type of tyre tread is at least as good as any rival in the world, and that neither it nor its rivals under precision tests can exceed the braking efficiencies hitherto accepted as absolute standards in this country. The American figures are therefore inaccurate and unscientific. But enthusiastic drivers will have noted that the current types of roadster tread marketed by Dunlop have abandoned the ideal of a few big knobbles which ruled the roast for so long. They correspond in principle if not in detail to the "sliced" or "Pneugrippa" type, and depend for road-grip on a myriad fine edges, rather than on a few bold corrugations. In other words, Fort Dunlop approves and applauds the modern innovation, though it debunks the suggestion that the knife-edge tread can shatter ancient standards. The Dunlop enthusiasm is no mere theory promulgated by a proprietary tyre in its own interests. During the last few months a number of the leading motor manufacturers have circularised all their clients, urging them to have their tyres "sliced," or "pneugrippaed," or to fit tyres of the modern multi-edged variety. These treads are therefore orthodox from now on, and may be expected to render their rivals obsolete.

The principles behind the Dunlop enthusiasm are interesting. It is stated that on a dry surface the pattern of the tyre tread exerts remarkably little effect on braking efficiency. But the case alters when roads are wet or slimy. A driver's tendency in any emergency braking situation is to apply his brakes hard; and if the surface is wet, the wheels lock and tend to slide—perhaps straightforwardly in a brake slide, perhaps sideways in a braking skid. Under such conditions a few bold corrugations may not break through the film of slime, and road adhesion ceases for the moment. But the effect of two or three thousand knife edges on the tread is to break up the film of slime. Some of the rubber edges bite through it to the hard road beneath. The braking will not be as efficient as on a hard, dry surface, but it will be better—probably very much better—than if bold corrugations were gnawing vainly at the slime film.

Similar reasoning applies to a skid—i.e., a lateral slide on a wet road. The bold corrugations may and often will fail to bite through the slime film to the hard tarmac or concrete beneath the film. But the myriad knife edges will succeed when the knobbles fail. They will break up the film, penetrate through it, gain a grip on the true road surface beneath the film, and arrest the skid. It follows that the wise owner will have his corrugated or knobbly tyres processed as soon as possible, whether they happen to be new, or wearing smooth. And in all probability the processing machines will in a year or two find their occupation gone; for all cars will come to be delivered with the newer patterns of tyre tread in a host of varieties, all based on the same fundamental principle.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 416

Set by Roger Marvell

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for a comment upon Mr. Eden's resignation in one of the following forms: (1) a letter from Queen Victoria, (2) twelve lines from a poem by Tennyson, (3) part of a speech by Mr. Balfour or (4) a Broadsheet. Entries not to exceed 300 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 4th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 414

Set by Geoffrey Parsons

You are a young curate, full of hope that your aunt will induce her husband, the Bishop of Burple, to indulge in a little nepotism on your behalf. With great care you select a volume of reproductions of some of the more chaste masterpieces of painting, as a birthday gift for her. You ask the bookseller to post it on to you. When it arrives you decide that you could never re-pack it so neatly, and merely re-direct the parcel to your aunt, sending a covering letter in which, amongst other things, you say: "I know how you delight in illustrations of this sort, and I can imagine you and Uncle George spending happy evenings turning over the pages together. Who knows but that Uncle may find inspiration therein?"

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND THE BURMA CIVIL SERVICE (CLASS I).

The entry for the I.C.S. and for the Burma Civil Service (Class I) closes this year on the 11th April. The recruitment of Europeans will be partly by selection and partly by written competitive examination. A candidate is at liberty to apply for appointment by both methods, but a separate form must be used for each. Forms may be obtained from the Services Department at the India Office or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles. The age limits are 21 to 24 on the 1st August. Candidates for appointment by selection without written examination must have taken a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. Full particulars can be had by applying to the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

India Office.
January, 1938.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT to the EDUCATION SECRETARY. Candidates must be graduates in Honours of a British University with experience in teaching. Experience in educational administration will receive consideration. The salary will be £400 rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £500.

Particulars of the appointment and forms of application (which must be returned by Monday, 14th March, 1938) will be forwarded by the undersigned on the receipt of a stamped and addressed foolscap envelope.

H. MORRIS,
Education Secretary.

Shire Hall,
Cambridge.

BOROUGH OF WATFORD

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited for a male Senior Assistant, commencing at £170 rising to £210 by annual increments of £10 (Grade 4), subject to satisfactory service.

Duties to commence on April 1st, 1938.

Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association and have had practical experience in an open access public library and the Dewey classification.

The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications in the candidate's own handwriting, stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be sent to the BOROUGH LIBRARIAN, Central Public Library, Watford, not later than Wednesday, March 9th, 1938.

Canvassing either directly or indirectly will disqualify.

25th February, 1938. W. HUDSON, Town Clerk.

BOROUGH OF WATFORD

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Applications are invited for the post of Junior Librarian (Female) at a commencing salary of £130, rising to £170 by annual increments of £10. Duties to commence on April 4th, 1938. Practical experience in an open access (Dewey) public library is essential, and experience in talks to children and the conduct of "story hours" will be an advantage. Preference will be given to candidates who have passed the Elementary Examination of the Library Association.

The person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination forthwith and to contribute to the Council's Superannuation scheme.

Applications in candidates own handwriting, stating age, etc., accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials, to be delivered to the Borough Librarian, Central Public Library, Watford, not later than Wednesday, March 9th, 1938.

Canvassing members or officers of the Council will disqualify.

W. HUDSON, Town Clerk.

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HONS. GRADUATE, 36, Schoolmaster, Bursar, general experience; and "House Mother," 27; 2 years Progressive School (Secretarial and Art Training); marrying shortly; desire position, preferably together. May or September. Box 365.

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Rates, and all information on page 343

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CASH Loans from £20 promptly advanced without security. Write, 'phone or call. ALBEMARLE INVESTMENTS, LTD. 45 Albemarle St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Regent 6978.

The next morning a parcel is delivered and, on opening it, you find that it contains the book you bought for your aunt. With a flash of horror you remember that some days previously you ordered through the post an illustrated encyclopaedia of sex. Another epistle to your aunt seems to be indicated.

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the most appropriate and restorative letter.

Report by Geoffrey Parsons

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room, but to judge by the advantage they took of my forgetfulness, competitors must feel themselves intolerably confined within the bounds of a word limit. This week the dams were down and I was overwhelmed by a flood of verbosity. One of the entries ran to four foolscap pages, and many of them were of such a length that neither the bishop's wife nor the judge could reasonably have been expected to persevere to the end.

The most obvious method of extrication, and one favoured by some fifty competitors, was for the curate to say that he had received a letter from the booksellers informing him that they had mixed up his order with that of another customer: but I think his aunt might well have been suspicious of so facile an explanation. W. T. Robinson had the most ingenious variation on this theme, and made his excuse more circumstantial by daring to assert that I had myself ordered the book and that there had been some confusion between Parsons and parson. He would have been in the running for a prize if he had not gone on to give a highly libellous and somewhat irrelevant sketch of my character. Most of the rest of those who did not admit having purchased the encyclopaedia invented a malicious practical joker: Cornelia was good amongst these. The most original entry was from M. S. M., who submitted an appreciative letter *from* the aunt . . ." You have opened up a new avenue for me in my autumnal days." But that was not asked for. H. T. P. had an amusing idea, but his working out of it was more unprintable than witty. Amongst those competitors who made the curate admit having bought the book the most popular explanation was that he had done so for the purpose of censorship or suppression; after the prizewinners, Phyllis Auty was the best of them, and I am sorry I cannot give her the consolation prize she asks for. First prize goes to Anthony Thorne, whose letter is both convincing and in character, and second prize to T. L. Littlewood who, though rather long-winded, was the best of the practical-joker school.

FIRST PRIZE

Dearest Aunt,

Yesterday I sent a book to The Society for the Suppression of Indecent Literature with the request that all steps should be taken at once to effect its withdrawal. This morning the Secretary of the Society, a personal friend with whom I work in the cause of Purity in the Library (Uncle would be so interested in our activities) telephoned me in some bewilderment—he could find nothing whatever scandalous, he said, in the book which I had sent him. It was in fact the most agreeable and charming volume, which one would not hesitate to place in the hands of those whom one loved.

This, indeed, was what I had hoped to do with it. Dearest Aunt, it was your birthday present which, through carelessness, I had forwarded to the S.S.I.L., and the iniquitous work which I fear must by now have reached you was—of course—to have been the object of our most violent activities.

You will well imagine my horror at the discovery, as I can well imagine the shock which you must have received. One thought consoles me: the incident must by now have aroused the indignation of my dear Uncle, which I have long been hoping to enlist on our behalf. A word of encouragement from him would mean so much to us.

Your loving nephew,
John Chameleon.

P.S.—What *warm* weather we are having, for the time of year.

ANTHONY THORNE

SECOND PRIZE

My dear Aunt,

You will no doubt have been puzzled at the non-arrival of the birthday present, and I feel that I ought to apologise for a rather silly mistake. Through some misunderstanding, the book was delivered to my address, instead of being sent direct to you as I had expected, with the result that it has been lying about in my study unnoticed for some time. However, here it is at last, with my regret for the delay.

I have been rather busy lately. Apart from the fact that my dear vicar is kind enough to give me increasing responsibilities (of which I hope I am proving worthy), I have recently had to spend a good deal of time entertaining an old college acquaintance, George Keeting. Possibly you will not remember hearing me speak of him, although I am sure to have mentioned him to you, for he was always a serious problem at the Varsity, and I used to regard it as a duty to try to guide him into less mischievous pursuits. He was a great practical joker, and on one occasion caused me considerable embarrassment by imitating my handwriting and in my name proposing marriage to three young ladies who were employed in local tobacconists' shops! This sounds silly now, but at the time it seemed a very serious business.

Well, I met George in London, actually in the bookshop where I was buying your little present, and he was kind enough to take considerable interest in choosing it. It seems that he is now planting rubber in some remote island in the Malay Archipelago, and although he has on surviving relatives in England, he had decided to spend part of his leave over here. Of course, I felt it incumbent on me to look after him as best I might, and I feel rather satisfied with the result. He addressed the Boys' Club on "Life in the Tropics," and proved a great success. He was also of considerable assistance in helping to form a Girls' Club, and when he returned to his lonely outpost it was with a sincere "Godspeed" from all who had met him. Fortunately, too, he seems not to have perpetrated any of his foolish jokes while he was here, although it is my experience that his rather peculiar sense of humour creates situations which only mature after a lapse of time.

I hope this rambling account of a strange reunion has not bored you. Personally I feel the happier that a wanderer should have returned to the wilds heartened by the blessing of a good and kind set of people.

Once again let me say how sorry I am about the unfortunate mistake, and with my best respects to Uncle George and love to yourself, I will remain, your affectionate nephew,

TOM CLERK

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 269.—PASS THE SALT, PLEASE

(In anticipation of the Caliban Solvers' dinner)

By *W. A. Caro*

Five Caliban solvers sat at a round table. During the course of dinner it was discovered that the salt had passed from one solver to another in every possible way, without ever passing between the same pair twice.

In how many different ways may the salt pass in the manner described?

PROBLEM 266.—CRIBBAGE

The distribution of cards which produces the highest aggregate score is 6 6 5 5 4 4 *to each player.*

This is a fascinating problem, which few have solved correctly; partly, I daresay, because non-cribbage players have had some difficulty in grasping the rules of the game. One interesting feature of the solution is that it secures the maximum aggregate (66) in two quite different ways.

(I)

Non-dealer throws 6 4, keeping 6 5 5 4.
Dealer throws 6 5, keeping 6 5 4 4.
We then get:

			Points scored.	
(a) PLAY:	N.D.	D.	N.D.	D.
	5	5	—	2
	5	4	8	—
	4	4	2	7
	—	—		
	6	6	—	3
(b) SHOW:	N.D.	10 6 5 5 4	16	—
	D.	10 6 5 4 4	—	14
	Crib	10 6 6 5 4	—	14
			—	—
		Total ..	26	40
			—	—

i.e., 66 *in all.*

(II)

Non-dealer throws 5 5, keeping 6 6 4 4
Dealer throws 5 5, keeping 6 6 4 4
We then get:

			Points scored.	
(a) PLAY:	N.D.	D.	N.D.	D
	6	6	—	2
	6	6	6	12
	4	—	1	—
	—	4	—	—
	4	4	2	7
(b) SHOW:	N.D.	10 6 6 4 4	4	—
	D.	10 6 6 4 4	—	4
	Crib	10 5 5 5 5	—	28
			—	—
		Total ..	13	53
			—	—

i.e., 66 *as before.*

Academically speaking, (I) is clearly preferable, since it is unthinkable that, in actual play, any non-dealer would throw his two 5's.

(I) is submitted by four solvers (S. M. Freeman, L. F. Masters, J. E. Wadey and the Rt. Rev. F. J. Western), and (II) by three (A. Buxton, F. E. Dixon, F. C. Watts). Congratulations! There are 19 distributions in all to be considered.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to S. M. Freeman, 1 Bankfield Road, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire. *Nine* points are awarded.

PROBLEM 267.—VERY ODD NUMBERS

By *G. E. L. Newton*

The following is Mr. Newton's solution.

Odd numbers 1–49 total 625. So, as each boy's total is the same,

the individual sum must be 125. E's highest is 29. There is only one set of five odd numbers whose highest is 29 and which totals 125. That is 29, 27, 25, 23, 21.

So we have :—

E. 29, 27, 25, 23, 21
A. 35, —, —, —, —
B. 49, —, —, —, 1
C. —, —, —, —, 9
D. —, —, —, —, 3

With the highest 35 and omitting the numbers already fixed, there are only two sets of odd numbers which total 125, so we have :—

E.	29, 27, 25, 23, 21	or E.	29, 27, 25, 23, 21
A.	35, 33, 31, 19, 7	A.	35, 33, 31, 15, 11
B.	49, —, —, —, 1	B.	49, —, —, —, 1
C.	—, —, —, —, 9	C.	—, —, —, —, 9
D.	—, —, —, —, 3	D.	—, —, —, —, 3

Taking the second one first : The only possible arrangements for B are :—

49, 45, 17, 13, 1
49, 43, 19, 13, 1
49, 39, 19, 17, 1

So that C or D must contain No. 47. The only possible arrangements starting with 47 and finishing with 9 or 3 are :—

47, 45, 17, 13, 3
47, 43, 19, 13, 3
47, 39, 19, 17, 3
47, 39, 17, 13, 9
47, 37, 19, 13, 9

not one of which but has at least one number in common with any of the 3 B arrangements. Therefore 47 cannot be included in the second set.

Taking the first set, the only possible arrangements for B are :—

49, 47, 17, 11, 1
49, 47, 15, 13, 1
49, 45, 17, 13, 1
49, 43, 17, 15, 1

Excluding those which have something in common with all the four B arrangements, there are now only six possible combinations ending in 9 or 3, namely :—

47, 45, 13, 11, 9
47, 43, 15, 11, 9
47, 41, 17, 11, 9
45, 43, 17, 11, 9
45, 43, 15, 13, 9
41, 39, 37, 5, 3

As only one of these ends in 3, that one must be allocated to D.

So now we have :—

E. 29, 27, 25, 23, 21
A. 35, 33, 31, 19, 7
D. 41, 39, 37, 5, 3
B. 49, —, —, —, 1
C. —, —, —, —, 9

Leaving as the only possible combinations for B the four beginning with 49 and for C :—

47, 45, 13, 11, 9	45, 43, 17, 11, 9
47, 43, 15, 11, 9	45, 43, 15, 13, 9

These B's and C's will combine in only four ways :—

49, 47, 17, 11, 1 B	49, 45, 17, 13, 1
45, 43, 15, 13, 9 C	47, 43, 15, 11, 9
49, 47, 15, 13, 1 B	49, 43, 17, 15, 1
45, 43, 17, 11, 9 C	47, 45, 13, 11, 9

But as " there's one that doesn't want a number ending in 7 " and as E, A and D do, the only possible combination of these four is the first.

So we have :—

E. 29, 27, 25, 23, 21
A. 35, 33, 31, 19, 7
D. 41, 39, 37, 5, 3
B. 49, 47, 17, 11, 1
C. 45, 43, 15, 13, 9

So Colin wants No. 13.

Caliban Solvers' Dinner. Friday, April 1st. Northumberland Rooms, Grand Building, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. 7 for 7.30. Morning dress.

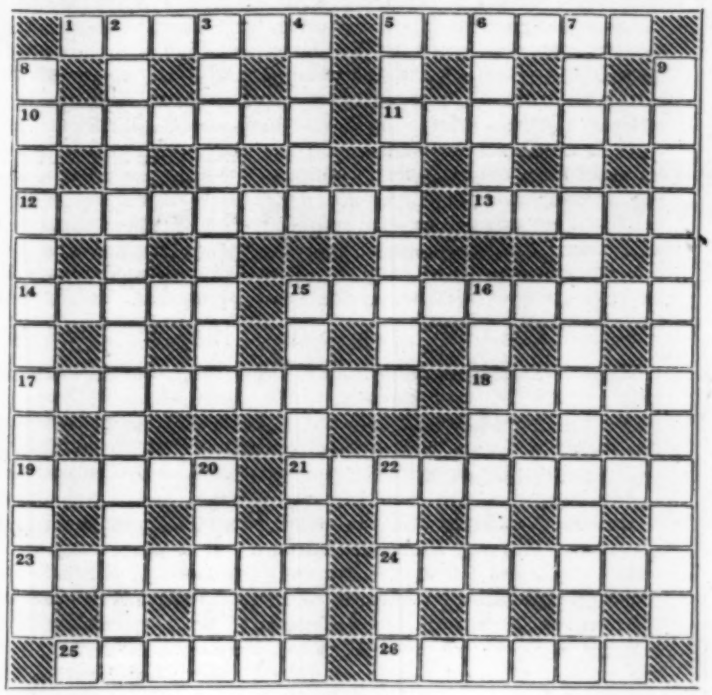
" Caliban " solvers and their guests are eligible. Tickets 5s. per head (exclusive of drink) from Miss Kathleen Salmons, 22 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 416

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S

The last week's winner is
A. M. Smith, Craigderran, Burntisland, Fife.

ACROSS

1. Does this bird understand Divinity? (6)
5. Suggests that it's the extreme fashion to be bashful. (6)
10. He has landed property in Scotland. (7)
11. Demonstrates again by 12? (7)
12. Pros and cons, within reason of course. (9)
13. The Territorial Army has come into money in a big way. (5)
14. The doctor went back into Aachen. (5)
15. Ideal men's dug-outs as it were. (9)
17. Obviously a bad challenger. (9)
18. Father takes forty winks. (5)
19. Garden machinery. (5)
21. Helps to brace up those who fly. (9)
23. It commonly gives people a corporation. (7)
24. This is not Lord Nuffield's name. (7)
25. Parliamentary niche. (6)
26. The opposite of unfrocked? (6)

DOWN

2. Preserve partly the produce of Seville no doubt. (15)
3. State of one perhaps who's led a stirring cosmopolitan life. (9)
4. The Railwaymen's Union takes it there. (5)
5. Is this plant made of horsehair? (9)
6. One of the Army and Navy Stores perhaps. (5)
7. It is usual for guests at these to take a couple of barrels each. (15)
8. Small female constituent, according to the rime. (13)
9. Such entertainments are always very rackety shows. (13)
15. Efficient persons who are liable to shock people. (9)
16. Does the lamb relish it? (9)
20. One of the things Some plant. (5)
22. Called from the chair. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	I	C	Y	C	L	E	■	T	A	K	E	O	F	F
A	■	A	■	R	■	L	■	E	■	N	■	U	■	I
L	E	S	S	O	N	S	■	A	B	E	T	T	E	D
L	■	T	■	S	■	I	■	S	■	E	■	D	■	D
O	V	E	R	S	L	E	E	P	■	S	H	O	A	L
O	■	R	■	E	■	■	O	■	■	O	■	E	■	■
N	A	S	T	Y	■	S	H	O	P	G	I	R	L	S
■	■	■	■	E	■	H	■	N	■	U	■	■	■	■
G	R	A	N	D	S	O	N	S	■	E	G	R	A	B
A	■	U	■	■	■	U	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	A
R	I	D	E	R	■	T	U	R	N	S	O	V	E	R
B	■	I	■	A	■	D	■	I	■	W	■	E	■	D
A	N	T	O	N	I	O	■	S	C	O	U	R	G	E
G	■	O	■	C	■	W	■	H	■	R	■	S	■	L
E	A	R	T	H	E	N	■	I	N	K	W	E	L	L

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS AND MR. EDEN—THE PETROL CUT—TIN AND RUBBER RESTRICTION—PUMP-PRIMING AND WALL STREET

"PEACE at any price" is the Stock Exchange slogan. One must not expect principles to count as a market factor in the City, and the news that Mr. Chamberlain had taken over the direction of foreign affairs out of the hands of a Minister who stood too firmly upon principles was considered as a "bull" point in the stock markets. On the prospect (as the City sees it) of an improvement in our relations with the dictators and on a removal of fears of an early general election, the "bears" rushed in to cover. As the jobbers have no stock on their books, the rise in prices throughout the Stock Exchange was sharp. I give a few examples:

	Feb. 17 Price.	Present Price.	Last Div. %.	Gross Yield %.
Courtaulds	38/9	41/6	10½	£5 1 0
General Electric ..	68/–	73/–	17½	£4 16 0
Imperial Tobacco ..	7	7 3/16	25 net	£4 12 9
Turner & Newall ..	3 7/8	4 1/16	20	*£5 1 9
Vickers 10/–	21/4½	24/6	10	£4 1 9
Burmah Oil	5 5/32	5 7/32	27½	£5 7 0
Distillers	97/6	99/6	22½	*£4 10 6

* Allowing for a reduced rate of income tax.

At the moment there is no sign of any volume of new buying. Investors are still cautious and are still discriminating between shares on the test of yield. For the first time since the last depression the average yield on industrial shares, according to the Actuaries' Investment Index, has risen to over 5 per cent. Shares yielding under 5 per cent. are, in my opinion, still vulnerable. For example, I cannot understand why investors do not exchange from Distillers at 99*s.* 6*d.* yielding £4 10*s.* 6*d.* per cent. into Courtaulds or Turner and Newall, which both yield over 5 per cent. Mr. Keynes, in his address to National Mutual shareholders, seemed to take a bullish view based partly on the theory that equity share prices have been depressed not so much in correspondence with trade recession as by investors' uncertainty and inability to forecast the future. "The level of Stock Exchange prices does not mean," he said, "that investors *know*; it means that they do not know." On the other hand, he renewed his appeal to the Government to frame precautionary plans against a decline of industrial activity when the peak of rearmament had been passed.

* * *

The cut in petrol prices which I have been forecasting came last week but, frankly, I expected a penny off—not a halfpenny. The petrol companies no doubt justify their halfpenny cut by the fact that since July last, when the previous cut was made, the export price of American gasoline has fallen by less than 1½ cents., and that on balance tanker freight rates are unchanged. The oil share market interpreted the cut bullishly, and an all-round improvement occurred in prices. As compared with the industrial markets the leading oil shares are still cheap. Moody's Economist Services have devised a new technique for estimating oil share dividends. By combining an index of production with an index of prices for the particular market where each company sells its products they have calculated a gross receipts index from which an estimate of dividends is derived. The following table gives their results for a few leading companies:

	Price.	Estimated Div. 1937.*	Gross Yield %.
Anglo-Iranian £1	4 3/32	25%†	£6 4 0
Burmah Oil £1	5 17/32	35%	£6 16 3‡
Shell Transport	4 11/16	22½%†	£6 8 0

* Moody's Economist estimates. † On new capital.
‡ Allowing for reduced rate of tax.

Moody's Economist estimates are higher than mine, and they put the 1938 dividend for Venezuelan Oil Concessions at 30 per cent. These 13*s.* 4*d.* shares are now quoted ex rights at 1⅜, and even if the dividend on the new capital falls to 15 per cent. the yield at the present price (cum the old dividend) is about £7 12*s.* 3*d.* per cent.

* * *

On the restriction front activity has to be recorded. The International Tin Committee has followed up the present quarter's 40 per cent. cut in export quotas by a further 15 per cent. reduction for April–June in the case of Malaya, Nigeria and the Dutch East Indies. Even so, world output will be in excess of consumption unless American demand revives. The other commodity concerned is rubber. The International Regulation Committee has decided to recommend to the Governments involved that the 1934 restriction agreement should be prolonged until the end of 1943. With world stocks on the upgrade and no revival of U.S. consumption yet in sight, any hopes cherished a year ago of derestriction in 1939 had vanished; there seems little doubt but that the Governments concerned will endorse the Committee's recommendations. Basic quotas (excluding that of Siam) are estimated at 1,450,000 tons in 1939, rising to 1,490,000 tons by 1943; but it seems doubtful whether this maximum output could in fact be reached unless rubber were selling at prices which elicited large tonnages from the high-cost producers. A satisfactory feature of the agreement is the Committee's apparent recognition of the need—taking a long view—for ample supplies of rubber at reasonable prices. Replanting, hitherto limited to 20 per cent. of cultivated acreage, is to be allowed without limit until 1940, and in 1939–40 new areas equivalent to 5 per cent. of existing acreage may be planted.

* * *

What of the expansionist front? News from the depression's chief centre of war takes a little interpreting. Equipped magisterially with blackboard and pointer, President Roosevelt has informed the press that the price deflation (which he himself set in motion last spring) has gone too far. In the interests of employment and the maintenance of wages and the national income the Administration will now give its blessing to an advance of prices. But not a uniform advance; it is only competitive prices which are too low. Monopoly prices—e.g., of steel—are too high and must be reduced so as to restore lost balance in the price structure. How this fact is to be accomplished in a country which is not totalitarian has puzzled Wall Street; but the general effect of the President's discourse has been to lift the Dow Jones industrial equity index by 7 per cent. The opinion (which I share) is growing that, whatever camouflage Mr. Roosevelt may erect to conceal the operation, "pump-priming" by Federal expenditure will soon be once again the order of the day.

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Company Meeting

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

MR. J. M. KEYNES' ADDRESS

The Annual General Meeting of the Society was held at the Society's House, 39, King Street, Cheapside, on Wednesday last. Mr. J. M. Keynes, Chairman, presided and said (in part):

For the first time in our history the net new life assurance business of the year has exceeded £1,000,000, and at £1,037,771 shows a substantial increase over that of 1936. The ratio which the expenses bear to the premium income declined from 14.6 per cent. to 14.1 per cent. The sums assured on policies surrendered in 1937 amount to no more than 1.1 per cent. of the total business in force.

Calculated as a percentage on the total funds excluding reversions, the net interest earnings last year were £3 17s. 1d. per cent. compared with £3 16s. 4d. per cent. in 1936, in spite of the rise in income tax.

The year has been remarkable for the way in which practically every class of investment has been substantially affected in the downward direction. In our case, however, we have had the advantage of the large book and realised profits on investments recently earned and held in reserve. This year's decline has lopped off less than half of the previous precarious rise and leaves us with a large surplus in reserves and carry forward. More precisely the loss on valuation over the year amounts to about 8½ per cent. of our assets. This still leaves intact an appreciation of about 10 per cent. from the previous four years. How hard the lot has been even of the most cautious investor becomes evident when we calculate that if at the beginning of 1935 we had put all our assets into War Loan we should have lost 6 per cent., and old Consols actually depreciated by nearly 20 per cent., whilst during the same period the Actuaries' Index of Industrial Debentures has fallen by 4 per cent. and their Index of Industrial Preference Shares has also fallen by 4 per cent. Nevertheless, our own depreciation over this period is only 1.73 per cent.

The Chairman then proceeded to analyse the method by which the gold purchases of the Exchange Equalisation Fund had been financed during the first nine months of 1937. He suggested that the effect had been a deflation of domestic credit and in consequence an enforced liquidation of gilt-edged assets. Continuing, he said: I am convinced that there are several aspects of the flux and reflux of "hot" money, and the perplexing problem of how best to handle it, which deserve a fuller examination than they have yet received.

What of the future? In spite of the unemployment figures and the depression on the Stock Exchange, I am prepared for my part to accept the repeated assurances of the Government and the Bankers that no significant further recession is discernible in the very near future. Indeed, it would be disturbing if it were otherwise during a period before re-armament expenditure has reached its peak and after a period during which we have had no benefit from Government loan expenditure, and have, on the contrary, been forced, to part with a large volume of liquid resources to the holders of foreign refugee funds. The level of Stock Exchange prices does not mean that investors *know*; it means that they do *not* know. Faced with the perplexities and uncertainties of the modern world, market values will fluctuate much more widely than will seem reasonable in the light of after-events; and one would hope that in such circumstances insurance offices will show a good example of steadiness. The notion of us all selling out to the other fellow in good time is not, of course, a practicable policy for the community as a whole; yet the attempt to do so may deflect prices substantially from a reasonable estimation of their intrinsic value and become a serious impediment to constructive investment. Those of us who have helped to popularise talk about the trade cycle must bear part of the blame for this. I sympathise with the Authorities in their appeal to the business community not to become unduly slump-conscious. What we need is that the roles should be reversed and that they should become more slump-conscious. We could sleep more easily in our beds if we felt that they were sleeping less easily in theirs.

For the difficulty of avoiding disastrous depression in the modern world can scarcely be exaggerated. It will need all our knowledge, all our preparedness, all our precaution, all our skill, all our technical accomplishment, and all our endowment of public spirit. I appeal to the Government in fervour of heart to lose no opportunity of adding to our knowledge of the essential facts and figures which alone can make the working of the economic system intelligible and distinguish true theories from false by the test of results. A great deal is at stake. We are engaged in defending the freedom of economic life in circumstances which are far from favourable. We have to show that a free system can be made to work. To favour what is known as planning and management does not mean a falling away from the moral principles of liberty which could formerly be embodied in a simpler system. On the contrary, we have learnt that freedom of economic life is more bound up than we previously knew with the deeper freedoms—freedom of person, of thought, and of faith. The Report was unanimously adopted.

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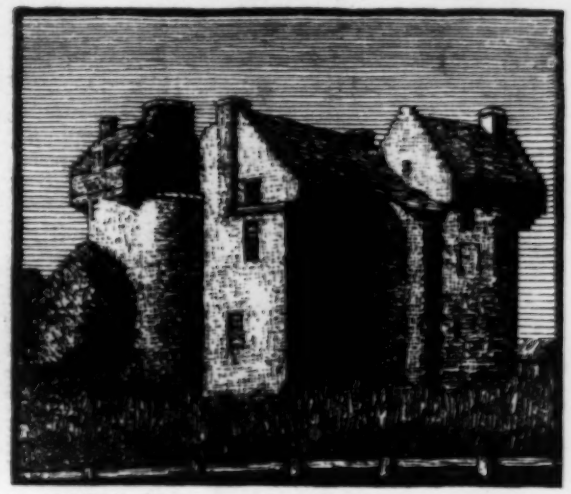

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